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PARIS AND CAREY STREET

Russia will not risk any American influence in Eastern Europe and fears any unity or recon-truction of Europe except under exclusive Communist influence. The division between the Two Worlds is therefore admitted and the pretence of o-operation abandoned. Some have always be-ieved that the best hope of co-operation lay in ccepting two spheres of influence and negotiating n that basis. However that may be—and future working agreement is by no means excluded—Mr. Bevin and M. Bidault have now no possible lternative but to go ahead, as fast as possible, with such other Powers as will co-operate, in preparing a plan for economic unity on the ssumption that Congress will give effect to the Marshall plan. The alternative proposition that we should voluntarily starve or go bankrupt ather than run the risk of receiving American ollars is not one that anyone can accept. In-erest now switches to the plans and methods f Western reconstruction—on which there may e wide difference of opinion.

This breakdown at Paris has immediate reper-ussions in all European countries, including Britain.

The more uncertain the world situation, the more necessary it is that Cabinet Ministers should peak with a single voice, telling us clearly and imply what they are doing and what we have to o. Yet this week there was a marked difference f tone between the Chancellor of the Exchequer's tatement on austerity cuts, and the peroration f Mr. Strachey's speech the next day. After masterly defence of his policy which pulverised e critics of bulk purchase and the prophets f slow starvation, Mr. Strachey boldly asserted: I am perfectly sure that this country need have o doubt of its ability to obtain an ample food upply in the coming years."

The trouble is that the future, even six months head, is entirely unpredictable. The Chancellor iews it in terms of dollars; Mr. Strachey in rms of world production. This summer, when arvest prospects in Russia and Eastern Europe romise a surplus of foodstuffs and therefore a asis for trade recovery with the West, a dollar amine threatens to paralyse purchasing power everywhere. It has spread from Europe to South America. On the very day when Mr. Strachey was speaking, Argentine imposed a ban on all textile imports and thereby dealt a blow at our ability to pay for our chilled beef.

If economic man really determined politics, this crisis could be dealt with along the lines of Mr. Marshall's proposal. American dollars could be used to prime the world pump in a world New Deal. But as the wrangle of Foreign Ministers in Paris shows clearly enough, a conflict of power is superimposed on the economic crisis. American dollars and Eastern European food surpluses are regarded, not from the point of view of human needs, but as weapons in an ideological war between East and West. When economic common sense is submerged in Power politics, governments cannot plan their policies because each is ignorant of what the others will do. Whatever his other deficiencies, the motives of economic man are calculable and predictable. But ideology is as arbitrary as war. Will Russia still be willing for Eastern food to be traded for our manufactured goods? Will Congress really grapple with the dollar famine? If so, to what extent and under what ideological conditions? Where everything is uncertain, policy degenerates into a series of short-term expedients.

This unpredictability of world politics explains but does not excuse the conflicting tone of Ministerial statements. If Dr. Dalton is right and we must really prepare for the possibility that no considerable dollar assistance will be forthcoming, then Mr. Strachey is unwise to exclude the possibility of food cuts after the next twelve months. As Michael Foot rightly pointed out in the course of the debate, the issue is not whether food supplies will be available—they almost certainly will—but whether we shall be able to purchase them.

In this perspective it is difficult to see the point of the new austerity measures, particularly when we compare the trifling savings they achieve with the colossal gap in our balance of trade. If we are to prepare for the worst, let us do so seriously and not by sacrifices which are both irritating and ineffective. Dr. Dalton may reply that these economics are token measures, designed to impress the Americans and gain a few precious weeks. But if this is their purpose, then a far more persuasive action would be a cut in our inflated forces overseas, and in our armaments industry at home.

We still have well over 1,200,000 men under arms, the majority of them in Germany and the Middle East. They are by far our largest invisible import. Indeed, together with the expenses of our Zone in Germany, they are still responsible for over a third of the gap between exports and imports. If we really want to impress on the Americans the seriousness of our situation, and to hasten a decision by Congress, here is the obvious way to do it. Let us tell them frankly that we cannot maintain unaided our vast overseas commitments and we are not prepared to do so at the cost of increased austerity which will further depress our level of production.

But no cuts, however drastic, either in imports of raw materials or in the size of our armed forces, can now bridge the gap. If food cuts were added—and we congratulate the Cabinet on its decision against them before the harvest—the gap would become still greater owing to the consequent decline in production. The blunt fact is that, whatever economies we make, and even if we succeed in maintaining exports in the buyer's market which is already beginning, a continuance of the dollar famine will bring us and the rest of Europe into bankruptcy. Our very survival depends on the extent to which the Marshall offer is made a reality. If Congress is miserly and Russia obstructs trade with Eastern Europe, we shall be condemned to a creeping paralysis whose pace will be accelerated by each inevitable austerity cut. If Marshall can win over the Congressmen, and if European reconstruction can begin and world trade expand, we can hope slowly to climb out of the abyss. But this is only possible on the assumption that we maintain our food supplies, reduce our foreign commitments and give priority in the supply of raw materials to the export, not to the armament, industry. In any sane austerity campaign, whether it is designed to impress the Americans or to assist recovery, it is the Minister of Defence who must give a lead.

American Labour

Having denounced the Taft-Hartley Labour Bill as unworkable and unjust, Mr. Truman has now agreed to see that it works. The first result of the Bill to keep down strikes has been a rash of strikes in the coalfields and dockyards. On July 1st the mines returned to private ownership, but since the miners were on holiday, it remains to be seen whether the owners can work out a contract with the miners' leader, John L. Lewis, and whether in the absence of a contract the miners will return to work. It seems probable that the miners will refuse to work as a protest against the Labour Bill, and that Mr. Truman, who vetoed the Bill, will have a return engagement with Lewis, in its defence. Meanwhile the Courts—which were intended by the Founding Fathers to hold the balance between President and Congress—will be the arena in which the labour unions will fight the Bill. The union leaders hope that certain of the Bill's clauses will prove unconstitutional—for instance, that which forbids political activity in union newspapers—and that others will prove utterly unworkable. While the courts are deciding, the whole of Labour-Management relations will be in a state of chaos in which only bitterness can flourish. It is, however, to be hoped that the C.I.O.'s joint campaign with the A.F.L. against the Bill may provide a basis for permanent unity of American Labour. It may even happen that the Labour vote, about 60 per cent. of which supported Roosevelt, will be so solidly Democratic in the future that the unions will dictate the policy of the Party. In that case, America would evolve, on her own model, something resembling the British type of Labour Party without having to pass through the wilderness of a third party. The immediate result of the Bill is to throw a heavy strain on the fabric of American society.

Partition Pains

Gaffar Khan, besides repudiating the Congress decision to accept unreservedly the British proposals of June 3rd, has almost certainly missed the bus in his campaign to form a "Pathanistan" State, independent of either Pakistan or Hindustan. Two years ago the Pathans showed signs of a willingness to break away altogether from India and join up with their kinsmen in the south of Afghanistan. Then it was Congress which restrained them. Since then Moslem League influence has grown steadily until now the Congress "Red Shirts" are a waning power and on the straight issue of Hindustan or Pakistan, the referendum due to start on July 6th is already a foregone conclusion. The local Congress boycott of the referendum, apart from being a confession of defeat, is a last desperate attempt, unfortunately encouraged by Mr. Gandhi, to regain control by going one better than the Moslem League in appeals to narrow racialism. On this occasion Mr. Jinnah has right on his side in describing the move as "pure political chicanery," and the Congress leaders at the centre would do well to show their good faith by disowning and denouncing Gaffar Khan's bid to throw a spanner in the works. Elsewhere the process of partition has gone with comparative smoothness. Sporadic outbursts in the tough and violent Punjab, and incidents in Calcutta, where the Moslems are inflamed by the approaching loss of that city, are only to be expected. It is a remarkable testimony to the strength and capacity of the Indian leaders that they have not been worse. In the Punjab, the most significant event has been the capture by the Moslem League of the total Moslem support in the province. Sir Khizer Hyat Khan, lately Moslem Unionist Premier, in collaboration with the Hindus and Sikhs, led his eight hitherto dissident Moslem followers into the lobby to vote for entry into the Pakistan Constituent Assembly; thus reversing his previous steady opposition to Mr. Jinnah, which had prevented the formation of a Punjab League Ministry. The decision to divide Bengal has meant final failure for Suhrawaddy's once hopeful-looking attempt to maintain unity under his Premiership, and marks the end of his administration which will now be replaced by a dual government for the Province of Hindus and Moslems. In the meanwhile there is no slackening of the demand for the splitting of the Indian Army. This, despite the loss of efficiency that will result when the Army will be most needed for internal security, is going ahead fast. It will consist, initially, of the posting of predominantly Hindu, Sikh and Gurkha units to Hindustan and the transfer of predominantly Moslem units to Pakistan. Later, individual Hindus and Moslems who find themselves stationed in the wrong country will be allowed to move across the border.

Colonial Development

Colonial development, it appears, is now at last to begin on a scale which bears at any rate some relation to the size and urgency of the problem. The West African ground nuts scheme was only a beginning; and, on similar or different lines, there are to be equally large-scale projects elsewhere, especially in the field of agricultural development. Mr. Creech Jones, in announcing the Government's plans, has gone out of his way to assert that there will be no hostility to private enterprise, provided that it works in with the official development plans and that the proper conditions in respect of health, employment, and care not to disrupt native economies, are observed. This is sound policy, for it is plainly out of the question at present to do all or most of what needs doing by way of socialised enterprise. Public activities must provide a framework within which private agencies can work in such a way as to further, instead of obstructing, native development. It will not, however, be at all easy to translate the general aspiration into actuality in face of the resistance of foreign companies and white settlers to any limitations on their rights both to earn profits and to remit large payments abroad. The entire policy is workable with the right sort of long-run success only if it goes with an active programme of native education in industrial and commercial techniques as well as in literary subjects, and if, moreover, the home Government is prepared to take a strong line in enforcing observance of the restrictions or exploitation of native workers. Given these conditions, the policy will be good for the colonial peoples and for Great Britain, by raising native standards of both production and consumption and by adding new soft currency supplies of products sorely needed in the British market.

Hunger in Europe

On the heels of the Foreign Ministers marches the spectre of European hunger. For the past six months in all European countries except Russia, expert investigations have been going forward, initiated by F.A.O. which is working closely with the European Economic Commission at Geneva. These investigations have compiled most of the relevant material for which the Paris Conference called—not only on food needs and the material requirements for agricultural regeneration but on the industrial and general economic picture as well, because relief measures depend upon coal, transport and financial difficulties. The facts assembled are far from reassuring. The situation in Western Europe is worse than this time last year. The harvests in France and Belgium suffered from the same winter havoc as Britain. Germany and Austria are in a desperate plight, Rumania (once a food-exporting country) and Greece are in extreme need. For the rest, Eastern Europe expects good crops and the transatlantic harvests, even allowing for havoc caused by the record Mississippi floods, are an all-time record. As Sir John Orr points out, the irony of the world's present plight is that quantitatively the gross cereal tonnage available is probably no less than in 1939. It is entirely a question of maldistribution between nations and maldistribution between the farmers and townspeople. In terms of self-help, most countries (with Britain as the commendable exception) could do more to secure equitable distribution of local supplies but, even then, there will be an ominous gap which can only be filled by the surpluses of the West. That means dollars which the needy countries have not got. The U.S. Secretary for Agriculture, Mr. Clinton Anderson, has called for joint action by Ministers of Food and Agriculture and Sir John Orr has summoned this meeting in Paris next week. The consumer countries will meet the producer countries and decide, before the harvest, how to make the best use of it.

Easing The Load

The decision to stagger the hours of work in the engineering industry—reached this week after a deadlock lasting for four months—is a sensible insurance against a new electricity crisis this winter. Engineering is one of the biggest power consumers among British industries, and one which suffered grave dislocation from both the enforced holiday and from "load-shedding" earlier this year. Unless arrangements are made to ease the load at peak hours during the coming months, production will certainly be interrupted again, factories will be closed by unplanned and arbitrary power cuts, and short-time and unemployment will become general in this, as in other industries. The engineering unions, which recently won the principle of the five-day week, have therefore abandoned their opposition to Saturday work and have accepted a system of overtime payments for staggered or night shifts. The detailed application of the agreement has rightly been left to regional boards; conditions vary so much from one district to another, depending on the sources of power, the density and the character of industry, that it is impossible to lay down precise instructions by national agreement. But the agreement in principle is of vital importance. The unions have undoubtedly been reluctant to permit such considerable inroads into working hours they have long struggled to secure. In face of the emergency, however, they have given way and thus set a welcome example to their colleagues in other industries and to the T.U.C. This may be a hardship to many workers. But inconvenience is better than industrial breakdown.

The Redistribution Problem

Mr. Maurice Webb, in a letter to *The Times*, pertinently asks why Bradford, with an electorate of 208,000, is to be reduced from four seats to three, although the average electorate aimed at is round about 50,000. He goes on to point out that new areas are actually being brought within the parliamentary borough, so that, apart from probable increases of population, the electorate will be increased to about 213,000. This certainly seems to be a queer piece of arithmetic, which can be accounted for only on the assumption that there must be large electorates in some place to offset small electorates elsewhere, if the total number of M.P.s is not to be changed. Mr. Webb then goes on to ask whether it can be really expedient to redistribute seats and to re-define the limits of parliamentary boroughs at a time when another Boundary Commission is busy redrawing municipal frontiers and at the probable cost of reproducing new muddles in place of old. Quite apart from the points raised by Critic in last week's Diary—for example about the City of London—there is surely a very strong case for postponing parliamentary redistribution until most at any rate of the new municipal frontiers have been defined. This should still leave it possible to bring the new areas into being in time for a General Election in 1950—though not perhaps sooner—and in any case it would surely be better to hold one more election with the constituencies as they are, or with only non-controversial rearrangements, than to introduce two conflicting sets of boundaries for national and local elections.

PARLIAMENT: Food and Empire

Wednesday

It was a bad week for the Tories in which all their attacks on the Government for neglecting the Empire and starving Britain (which go down so well at meetings of the Housewives' League, where the audience is as badly informed as the speakers) were exposed as claptrap in the House of Commons. It began on Wednesday when they had to listen to Creech Jones announcing that the Colonies, neglected for twenty years between the wars, were, despite all difficulties at home, to have £100 million spent on their development. They could not disapprove but they scarcely wanted to cheer; they looked uneasily around as though expecting to see hovering above their heads a grinning Cheshire cat, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Lord Beaverbrook.

The next day they went into the attack on the shortage of consumer goods. Medlicott, a National Liberal, opened with a singularly fatuous speech about a trip to Belgium. As there were goods in the shop windows there, it must be because the Belgian Government allow manufacturers to make what they like without interference. No one had told him in Brussels that the imports bought, as Jay pointed out later, with gold stored during the war, heavily outweighed the exports. He was followed by Osborne who had been to America and was so pleased with what he had found there that he could no longer believe there was a shortage of labour in England—just a timid reluctance to punish workers who failed to produce more. To these constructive proposals, Stafford Cripps had little difficulty in replying, or in obtaining the admission from Lyttelton that Tory myopia did not extend to denying that civilian consumption of goods was now considerably higher than at the end of the war.

On Tuesday the Tories tried again. This time it was the gross mismanagement of the Ministry of Food. The Government has apparently been at the same time too austere and too improvident. Somehow it ought to have used more of the dollars it had not got to buy more of the food that was not available, presumably by abandoning bulk purchase. As the Opposition are so interested in making speeches in the country on this subject it was a pity that not more than 40 of them could spare the time from other engagements to hear Strachey's speech. With fluency and skill he developed a massive case which left them floundering and unhappy. Bulk purchase bought wheat from Canada at $1.55 a bushel while quotations in Chicago ranged from $2.12 to $2.96½. It was not only good bargaining: by ensuring a firm market for Canadian farmers, it cemented the bonds of Empire. For Argentine meat we paid, by purchasing in bulk, less than half the price demanded in the U.S.A. Our negotiators were not inexperienced Civil Servants continually deceived by wily traders. They were all acknowledged by the business world as master-dealers in the commodities they handle. For further supplies agreements to exchange food for industrial goods were being made with the countries of the Danube basin. On calories he demonstrated that the calorie intake is higher, not lower, than in 1943.

After such a conclusive review there was little to say and the Tories hastily scratched out all references to bulk purchase from their speeches, which received their final blow from Michael Foot who scornfully asked why they did not repeat in the House what they said outside. Perhaps the least deterred of the Tories was Lady Grant, who elegantly retailed her exquisite platitudes as though Strachey had never spoken. The only other Tory to make a fight of it was Elliott, who wisely cautioned the Minister not to be too optimistic and to prepare for the time when the dollars run out.

To complete the day came the Report of the Committee of Privileges on the termination of W. J. Brown's engagement as Parliamentary Representative to the Civil Service Clerical Association. It was not a breach of privilege as a whole, although incidents had occurred which might have been construed as such. Most interesting, and provocative of future debate and discussion, was the Minority Report of Clem Davies which deprecated contractual engagements by M.P.s to represent outside bodies in Parliament.

PHINEAS TERTIUS

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

(The speeches in Thucydides' History represent not what was actually said but what might have been said if the statesmen had spoken their real minds.)

BIDAULT (concluding his peroration) . . . in a spirit of genuine amity and co-operation.

Bevin: I am sure Molotov will prefer us to tell him frankly what our intentions are. I at least cannot wait indefinitely. My dollar loan is running out and I must know where I stand before winter begins. Past experience teaches me that genuine co-operation between Democrats and Communists is impossible. The Communist enters negotiations as a soldier enters battle. An agreement for him is a tactical success binding so long as it is advantageous. He regards honour as a bourgeois convention and good faith as democratic hypocrisy. I have learned that I must accept his ethics if I am not to be outwitted at the conference table. To-day therefore it is my aim to defeat Molotov as it is his aim to defeat me.

Molotov: I have certainly come to Paris for the purpose of defeating any attempt to impose American domination on Eastern Europe. I shall make it as difficult as possible for Bevin to carry out his plan. He wants to say to the Americans: "You see, the Russians are impossible. Waste no more time; give to us British and French the dollars we need." I shall fight him.

Bidault: You can both afford to be frank. Our internal situation prevents me from following your example. I agree of course that the Conference is bound to fail. In that case, France will be on the horns of a dilemma. Economic necessity will comepl her to accept a Western bloc. But long before Congress approves the loan, if it ever does, we shall be in the throes of civil strife. For I cannot believe that Molotov will fail to exploit the opportunity to divide and weaken my country still further. As a Republican, and as a Frenchman, it is my first concern to postpone civil war for as long as possible. I am therefore bound to behave as though agreement were possible.

Molotov: Naturally I was not unaware that during the past weeks you two have been rigging the Conference. I do not resent it. Indeed, Bevin, I would have done the same in your position. After all a politician is not a moralist but a lawyer in the court of history, whose duty it is to plead the case of the forces which he represents. Britain is linked irrevocably with America, whether her government is called Conservative or Labour. Economics have made you dependent on the new world, and to-day economics are reinforced by ideology. Democracy in the West has avoided the proletarian revolution by giving the proletarian some share of the booty of Empire. If you were to surrender your Empire to-day, your workers would suffer; and, since you have naively put yourself at the mercy of electoral chance, that would be the end of the Labour Government. Hence your reliance on the New World. American capitalism, itself threatened by a crisis, must be brought in to bolster up the dying imperialism of Britain and Western Europe.

Bidault: But I assure you, Molotov, we French have earnestly sought an accord with Russia, and tried to forget ideology. Long before the war, far-sighted men of the Right saw the necessity of a Russian alliance. True, they were defeated by ideological prejudice. But to-day again we are sincerely trying . . .

Molotov: As though the European balance of power mattered! Power has passed from your Europe, my poor Bidault, and this century will see the awe-inspiring spectacle of the struggle for world domination between two continents. In that struggle you have no choice despite your self-important posturings. You and your like have become the objects, not the subjects, of history.

As for you, Bevin, your future, as you see it, is to be the Greeks of an American Empire. On this basis you hope to persuade American capitalism to salvage your foundering domestic economy and to finance your bankrupt imperialism. It is a hopeless venture, because American capitalism itself is now threatened by imminent civil strife and economic collapse. But in terms of the interests you represent you are right to undertake this forlorn venture. Of course I attack you and praise your critics. But you will be the first to appreciate that this is a dialectical tribute to your policy. I regard you as much more dangerous than the Americans. If they have the atom bomb, you have the traditional cunning of a nation which has always understood the concept of power. Without your assistance, the defeat of American capitalism will be not only certain but swift. You may delay it for quite a time. But finally the crash will come, and out of the abyss of war and civil war will emerge a Communist world.

Bevin: I am surprised that a Marxist should be deceived by his own propaganda. As I told the House of Commons the other day, I have read all the books, and I know that you have long since condemned as Trotskyism the idea of world revolution, and as infantile Leftism the socialist doctrine of equality. Your object to-day is nothing more elevated than self-preservation—internally, of your ruling clique, externally, of your Red Empire. A revolution must be inspired by faith in the common man, and hope of the future. Your faith and hope have been purged by fear. Fear is now your only motive, and it creates the very situations which you seek to avoid. You first created a White reaction in Eastern Europe by the savagery of your exploitation, and then you had to suppress it by your usual methods. You took defensive measures against a divided American Imperialism and succeeded in uniting it. Do you imagine I like bowing and scraping to Wall Street and Washington? No, Molotov, I say to you frankly: If it had not been for your crass stupidity—which is the result of your antiquated Marxism, and which I have seen a thousand times in my dealings with your agents in Britain—I should never have accepted an American alliance or conceived of a Western bloc. You forced me into it; you stabbed me in the back. Of course, I expected it from a Communist. . . .

Bidault: One moment, please! Propaganda is more potent than logic, and ideology than nationa self-interest. Yet we Frenchmen still believe in reason. Let me divert your attention for the moment to the subject matter of this conference. We are met to discuss a common plan for European reconstruction on the basis of which we can put up joint proposals to Washington. Let us be honest with each other: we all want American dollars on our own terms. To-day there is only one capitalist in the world—America. The rest of us are bankrupt.

To this bond of bankruptcy is added another tie. None of us wants to see Europe divided and America in control of a Western bloc. We all want American dollars without American domination, American goods without American business methods. Is there not here a basis for agreement?

Molotov: At least there is a basis for discussion. Marx and Lenin taught that the Communists may enter tactical alliances for short-term objectives, provided that such alliances do not affect the aim of long-term revolution.

Bevin: Marx and Lenin be blowed! That is sheer common sense, as any Trade Unionist knows. How much better a Foreign Minister you would have been, Molotov, if you could only call a spade a spade instead of an instrument of collective agricultural production. You know that the countries of Eastern Europe have a food surplus which some of them formerly traded with us for finished goods. You would like them to trade exclusively with you though you have no goods to sell them. If Europe is divided they will be slowly driven down to the miserable conditions of the Soviet Union. Against this their peoples will rebel, and with a little encouragement from us, which I should certainly provide, they would become not a *cordon sanitaire*, but a strategic liability. Your own internal position is no better. Your soldiers, brought up to believe in the theory of increasing misery under capitalism, saw for themselves during the war that even a devastated Europe is a paradise compared with the Soviet Union. To maintain your dictatorship you must provide them with consumer goods. You have not got them, we Westerners have. If this conference fails, it is you who will be in danger, encircled by enemies and faced by the rising discontent of your slave population.

Molotov : Danger, my good Bevin, is a relative concept, determined by time. In politics, victory goes to the Power which can hold out longest. We Marxists have always rejected democracy because it sets a limit to the endurance of a regime. The people bleat: the policy is shifted to appease them—and the war is lost. Russia can digest almost unlimited suffering, and in Eastern Europe the control of the Ministry of the Interior can accomplish wonders. Compare the position of the Western democracies. France and Italy are on the edge of a civil war from which we might hope at least to obtain the negative benefit of chaos. Western Germany is starving despite the millions you pour into it. You yourself are facing a dollar crisis within a year. Every one of you is dependent on an America which is politically unstable and doomed to economic collapse. If there is to be a test of endurance between East and West, I have no doubt who will win—despite the atom bomb. I warn you that I have time on my side.

Bevin : Rot! I ignore Communist threats. I don't believe an American slump is inevitable. You have only yourselves to blame if you get no dollars and a western *bloc* instead.

Molotov : No! Europe will lose her independence if you have your way and will share in the collapse of American capitalism.

THE GREEK TRAGEDY

[*The writer of this article has recently been in Greece on a special assignment for the Columbia Broadcasting System.*]

EXTREME drought at last has demonstrated that the number of dollars with which the American State Depatment hopes to succour the Greek economy and save Greece from Communism is too little and perhaps too late. Depending on which expert one speaks to (there are no reliable statistics in Greece), between one-third and one-half of the already inadequate harvest has been destroyed. A substantial portion of the remainder is threatened by fire, a traditional weapon in Greek civil strife. Moreover, deliberate army policy has prevented large areas from being cultivated in order to deprive the guerrilla forces of potential food supplies.

Whatever figure one accepts as the proper estimate of crop destruction, the inadequacy of American aid under the Greek-Turkish aid bill as approved by Congress is inescapably clear. The lowest estimate is one-third. In the best of times Greek agriculture produced only sixty per cent of the nation's wheat requirements. If this is reduced by thirty per cent, approximately sixty per cent of her total needs must be imported. In the absence of adequate figures, estimates of the cost of such imports vary widely, depending upon the individual expert's political attachment as much as upon any other factor. However, Unrra imported into Greece during the last half of 1945, a year which can be taken as roughly analogous to 1947 in terms of Greek need and on the basis of the most optimistic reports, a total of £25,000,000 worth of food. This was barely adequate to keep most of the Greek nation alive on something like a bare subsistence level. Since then the price of wheat in America and the cost of shipping have increased enormously. The implications are clear. Before I left Athens, a responsible State Department representative outlined them to me in a private conversation and urged the necessity of preparing American public opinion to meet an inevitable demand for additional funds. He admitted frankly that the original amount requested by the State Department, and provided by Congress, was far too small to accomplish its purpose.

Under the terms of the Greek-Turkish aid bill and the American post-Unrra relief act, Greece is to receive £87,500,000. Of this, £37,500,000 are earmarked for the support of Greek military operations against the guerrillas; only £50,000,000 have been allotted to meet all civilian needs. If the most optimistic estimates of crop destruction are accepted, taken together with increases in cost, at least two-thirds of this will be needed for imports of essential foodstuffs alone. In fact my State Department informant, a specialist in economics, believes the entire sum will be required for this purpose. In either case, the result will be disastrous for the so-called Truman Doctrine in Greece unless Congress comes to the rescue with another, and still larger, grant of dollars. This seems extremely doubtful in the political circumstances.

Nevertheless, it is a virtual certainty that Congress will be asked to appropriate additional funds before the Truman Doctrine has its first birthday. It is equally clear that the need will be attributed to the drought—an "act of God" which could not have been foreseen. But certain other facts were on the record long before the Truman Doctrine was proclaimed. Aid to Greece is an old story. It did not begin with the Truman Doctrine or the passage of the Greek-Turkish aid bill, despite the tremendous ballyhoo which accompanied both. Britain began pouring money and supplies down the drain in Greece more than two and a half years ago, and has continued to do so almost until yesterday. Unrra has virtually carried Greece on its international shoulders, and the United States contributed 70 per cent of its funds. Moreover, the United States, including their share of Unrra relief, contributed approximately £105,000,000 to Greece long before the £50,000,000 Truman programme was announced to a breathless world. The fact is that the Truman Doctrine's £50,000,000 is approximately £18,750,000 less than Greece has received annually from Britain, Unrra and the United States combined since liberation. This does not include fifty-odd million pounds worth of military equipment with which Britain supplied the Greek army during the last two years—the only field in which the new American programme proposes to outdo earlier efforts, all of which have been ghastly and tragic failures.

Not only is the amount of money less under the new American programme than Greece has received up to now for her civilian needs, but the requirements are far greater than ever before. Greek foreign assets have been almost entirely dissipated. The Greek industrial potential, far from being reconstructed or improved, has deteriorated under the twin influences of political insecurity and civil war. Since the royalists came to power less than fifteen months ago, the number of otherwise productive men who have taken to the mountains to fight as guerillas has been many times multiplied—which may be taken as a fair criterion of the present government's capacity to rule. The army, which the Tsaldaris government now proposes to double, is already three times its normal strength of 50,000. In spite of the fact that the Greek soldier's salary is only a penny a day, 100,000 pennies a day contribute mightily to the unsatisfied demand for consumer goods. More important, these men must be fed, housed and clothed out of supplies already miserably inadequate, and without contributing anything to the common larder.

If the Truman Doctrine's professed design to prevent the spread of Communism is our concerted purpose, then these evils might be accepted if positive results could be foreseen. The exact opposite is true. Early in April the Greek general staff announced, with great fanfare, the beginning of a "major operation" against guerillas concentrated in the southern Pindus mountains. In spite of intensive propaganda to the contrary, it was a complete, dismal failure. The failure was so complete that General Ventiris, chief of the general staff, told a close confidante, who happens also to be a friend of mine, that the campaign was already lost and that only a change of government under liberal, Republican control could prevent a full-scale civil war which inevitably would be won by the Left. General Ventiris, whose record is not without blemish, may have had ulterior motives—perhaps the salvation of his own neck in case of a change of government. Nevertheless, his military judgment was good; even the German army never succeeded in halting the growth of Greek guerrilla forces. No army ever has or can.

Negative criticism, of course, is barren and fruitless. Many intelligent men in Greece, and in Britain and the United States, for that matter, are convinced that a victory by force of one side over the other offers the only practical solution of the Greek problem. British policy denied this premise in theory but accepted it in practice. American policy has not yet proved itself in practice, but it is moving in the same direction. The policies of both, it seems to this correspondent, are based on the mistaken notion that the threat of Communism is a threat of armed aggression. It is the threat, rather, of resolute men, who are moved by hunger, oppression and intolerable injustice, to embrace what to them seems the lesser of two evils. The leaders do not count, but only their followers. In Greece this truth is more obvious than elsewhere because the leadership on both sides is incredibly stupid. On the royalist side, Constantine Tsaldaris, Deputy Prime Minister and leader of the Populist party, reminds one of a third-rate Tammany politician in New York. Through his stupid blunders he has done more for the Communist cause in Greece than the Comintern accomplished in twenty years. The Communists are no better. Of all the Communist parties in Europe, the Greek is perhaps the most vocal and the least effective. At almost every crucial point it has made a crucial mistake. Today, with its Moscow-appointed leader, Zachariades, in hiding under prison sentence, and its second in command, George Siantos, dead of heart failure, it occupies the inglorious bottom rung of the Communist European ladder.

But the day of judgment is coming. An opportunity is open to the Western Powers, but it must be recognised and seized without hesitation if it is not to be lost beyond redemption.

Perhaps the opportunity is too simple to grasp. As William Hardy McNeill says in his book, *The Greek Dilemma*: "In the world contest for power, the good or ill of a small State like Greece counts for little. Neither Great Britain nor Russia directs its policy towards the benefit of the Greeks."

It is time somebody did so, and this is the only possible answer, in Greece as everywhere, to the dreaded threat of Communism. The only difference is that in Greece the opportunity is more obvious than in many other parts of the world. Only this Spring Unrra completed the first scientific survey of Greek resources ever made. It shows that Greece has more than ample mineral and hydro-electric resources to create a full-blown industrial State, including iron and steel. It shows that Greece could become the Southern California of all Europe, that within ten or fifteen years she could be the most prosperous nation in the Middle East. All it requires is capital, on the scale the United States Congress supplied fourteen years ago for the Tennessee Valley Authority, which incidentally embraces the same area, the same population and fundamentally the same economic problems. All that it requires is the same imagination that Franklin D. Roosevelt commanded then. A big order, indeed.

DON PRYOR

A LONDON DIARY

It is plain as one of Lord Croft's pike-staffs that the attack on the Bureau of Current Affairs is a Tory manoeuvre to diminish the scope of discussion-groups in the Services. Soon after the war ended, the goodwill of ABCA was taken over by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust with the intention of building up a central organisation which could "service" discussion groups, civilian or military, on a wide scale, and in the last 18 months the Bureau of Current Affairs has given an immense fillip to organised discussion, not merely through its publications but equally by its training-courses in the difficult art of group-leading. The Bureau is governed and staffed by men and women of experience and repute in adult education, and its labours to elucidate the conundrums of current affairs have been remarkably free from political bias. But the risk, of course, remains—as it does, for example, with the B.B.C.—that some solitary item in its long list of productions may be attacked by someone as partisan. No one, however, not even in the Conservative Central Office, has explained why a cartoon of de Gaulle, dressed up as Napoleon, was (in Mr. Eden's words) an "objectionable reference to a friendly government."

* * *

The Secretary of State for War is said to be planning a safety-first response to the Tory attack. His notion is to set up in the War Office a unit which will produce pamphlets and visual aids so "correct" as to resist the worst suspicions of the Tories. How he would contrive, on that basis, to produce material likely to rouse a spark of interest is his headache, and where he would recruit his editors and writers is equally his concern. But the concern of everyone anxious to see that the Serviceman gets the opportunity to keep in touch with the realities of current affairs is to nip this Tory plot in the bud and to persuade Ministers not to panic when the Opposition ask them nasty questions in the House. The Bureau of Current Affairs is a responsible and experienced body. Its Director, W. E. Williams, is the man who founded ABCA in the Services and who knows better than most people how to navigate in the waters of controversy. The job of making Servicemen aware of current affairs had better be left in his hands than entrusted to a posse of brigadiers. There has lately been set up an Army Education Advisory Board whose members include Sir Philip Morris, Lord Lindsay, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Lord Beveridge, Mrs. Hubback. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Bellenger has confided to these distinguished advisers any plan he may have of sacking the Bureau of Current Affairs and replacing it by a purely conventional and docile War Office unit.

* * *

I gather that Philip Noel-Baker's official visit to Yugoslavia to open the British Book Exhibition was quite unusually successful. The books themselves have been so well selected by the British Council that an Englishman, who was present during Tito's private visit on the day before the official opening, remarked that one really had to go to Belgrade in order to realise the literary renaissance which is taking place in Britain. Even more remarkable was a series of official receptions to the British delegation which were given by Marshal Tito. The Czechoslovak Military Mission, which was there at the same time, seems to have been put in the shade; and it is obvious that the Marshal was deliberately emphasising his desire to put Anglo-Yugoslav relations on a new basis. Why? One answer seems to be the size of the harvest. The wheat and olive crops are reckoned to be the best for fifty years, and Yugoslavia will have a considerable surplus to export in exchange for the industrial equipment desperately needed for its two-year plan. If the maize crop is equally big, it will also have bacon to export next spring. In looking for markets, it is natural for Tito to turn to Britain, since the pound seems a good deal safer than the lira or the franc. I presume that the Kremlin knows all this. If so, Molotov's attitude in Paris is all the more puzzling. Shall we reach a paradoxical situation where failure to agree about the Marshall offer is accompanied by a sudden increase of trade between Eastern and Western Europe?

* * *

It was good to meet members of the Burmese good-will mission the other day and to find that Burma, though choosing to be an independent Republic, desires good relations with this country. Thakin Nu, Vice-President of the A.F.P.F.L., is, after Aung San, the most powerful political figure in Burma. He has never been to Britain before, and seems to be interested in everything, particularly our literature. He wants to meet Shaw, Priestley and others, and he and his colleagues are to be found, when official engagements permit, in the British Museum, or searching the second-hand bookshops in Charing Cross Road. Among the others, I have been pleased to renew an old friendship with Tin Tut, the Burmese financial expert, who, I understand, is likely to stay on here as his country's representative, and the Home Minister, who was one of the founders of the Burmese Socialist Party. I felt after our talk that a Labour Britain and the new Burma could get on excellently together, and that Mr. Churchill really ought to apologise to the Government for all the silly things he has said about the results of its Far Eastern policy.

* * *

Bronislaw Hubermann, who died last week at his villa at Vevey, Switzerland, was a very remarkable artist. He was never content to be a great musician (he played for sixty years). He also busied himself, often to the exhaustion of his nervous strength, with politics and science. Some thirty years ago, when his career as a virtuoso was at its zenith, he registered as a student at the Sorbonne. His travelling gear, which was his own invention, consisted of a heating apparatus designed to fit into an ordinary suitcase and to be plugged into any electric light point; a pair of radium knee pads to combat the cold of the trains and of unheated hotels, a pair of mittens to warm his hands, a complete cooking outfit, a fiddle string stretcher, a medicine chest and a shorthand typewriter. When he toured Russia after the Revolution, he could not find any horsehair for his bow, so he used aluminium filaments, which made his tone more impressive, incisive and clean. Between 1920 and 1932 he spent a considerable time in spreading Coudenhove-Kalergi's ideas for the United States of Europe. He himself wrote two books advocating a programme of higher wages and greater production as the alternative to the class struggle and universal civil war. He was one of the first artists to denounce Nazism; his famous letter to Furtwängler (reproduced in *The Times*) denounced the "guardians of Aryan culture." When he was last in London in October, 1945, he looked a very old man. "I feel anything between 18 and 80," he said; "it only depends on the company." His Pan-Europa dream no longer obsessed him; he was now more interested in his Palestine Symphony Orchestra which he built up after his exchange of letters with Furtwängler in 1933, by picking every musician personally and also collecting every penny towards its foundation. He had the satisfaction of seeing this orchestra reach a point of excellence at which it attracted the interest of Toscanini, who conducted it for two seasons. "By this orchestra," Hubermann told me once before the war, "Palestine will be able to prove what a bright jewel will be added to the British Crown if, as I hope, she can become a British Dominion."

* * *

If wit consisted in an infinite capacity for taking pains, then the *Granta* Eights Week number would be a brilliant take-off of *Time*. I have just received a copy of the "Half-Seas-Over Edition" complete with the real glossy paper (specially imported from America?), the cover portrait of the man of the week—Denis Brogan, "For him a book a day" and all the other *Time* features. Reading it through I began to realise that the *Time* style is far more difficult to imitate than the *Time* layout. The *Granta* writers have got all the quirks but the essence has eluded them. The secret of *Time's* success is that it makes exciting reading out of the most complicated subjects in which the average reader has no natural interest whatsoever. This is done by a judicious insertion of highly slanted background material which somehow does not upset the flow of the narrative. I can be fascinated by a *Time* story about the politics of Idaho without knowing or caring anything about Idaho. By this standard the *Granta* parody fails. Instead of giving me a perverted but absorbing picture of Cambridge life, it smothers it in amusing Lucean arabesques.

* * *

A few weeks ago Professor G. D. H. Cole contributed an important article to this journal, advocating that Britain should arrange for much larger food imports from Eire. I was very pleased to learn from the Minister of Food's speech on Tuesday that he takes a similar view of the possibilities and looks forward to making long-term contracts with Eire. Personally, I have always held that we made a wrong decision in not providing Ireland with the supplies that would have made her a larder for Britain during the war; it was a policy decision really dictated, I believe, by political fears.

* * *

According to *Hansard* and *The Times*, Mr. Strachey assured the House of Commons that our food was amply guaranteed for the "coming year." All the other reports I've seen, including those in the *Daily Herald* and *Manchester Guardian*, says "years." I first assumed that the more cautious version was correct, but I hear that Mr. Strachey said, and meant, that though he could not promise improvement next winter, he felt confident about future prospects.

CRITIC

SURSUM VISERA

"*The whole question of publicity will receive constant attention.*"—Dr. Dalton. June 30th.

THE Government ponder publicity,
The need for direction is clear,
They use no devices to hush up the crisis,
They own that the crisis is here;
Their statements are free from duplicity,
Our setbacks will not be suppressed,
But they pause to debate as we struggle with fate,
What kind of approach is the best.

If prospects are black news will not be held back,
But to public reactions attentive.
Though the worst must be told and our plight they unfold
The accent must be on incentive.
The note of alarm might do national harm
So disaster is placed in perspective,
And the realm is supplied with a practical guide
And a plan for an urgent objective.

The slogans in view for pulling us through
May be "Solvency out of Austerity,"
"A Challenge to grit from the Bottomless Pit,"
Or "Tighten Your Belts for Prosperity."
Or "Labour and Save on the Edge of the Grave,"
Or "Britain Must Barter, Not Borrow,"
Or "Mightier Yet Through Toil and Sweat,"
Or "Jam for All Classes To-morrow."

The Government turns to publicity
And ponders a Poster Campaign,
So while sliding downhill, if we work with a will
We need not go right down the drain.
But since the appeal of simplicity
Produces most telling effects,
The best S O S in this time of distress
Would surely be "Attlee Expects . . . !"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Phyllis M. Dowse.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

We do not want an Attorney General who has eaten dry bread for many years. Whether the cause is personal incompetence or a preference for austerity, the man who puts no butter or margarine on his bread is ill-equipped to wield the great legal powers of a Law Officer of the Crown. He is not the man to temper the law with humanity.—From Leading Article in *The Enfield Gazette & Observer.*

When Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra here on Saturday he wants the British Restaurant below the orchestral hall to prepare a meal appropriate to his programme.

Previously the smell of fish and chips from the restaurant during concerts has depressed music lovers.—Report in *News Chronicle.*

The Ministry of Works must have a poor opinion of "John Citizen" if it thinks that there is any Englishman who would not willing stand aside in the queue for concrete in order that alterations to his King's home might be completed forthwith.—Letter in *The Times.*

The crowd roared with laughter as he went on—"It may interest you to know that in no single speech I have delivered have I ever said anything other than what I have stated."—Speech by Mr. Shinwell, reported in *The Sheffield Telegraph.*

OIL

1. THE MIDDLE EAST CONFLICT.

WHAT Wilson's idealism couldn't do in 1919, the realistic oil-men have done in 1947. They have brought the U.S.A. back to the Old World. The philanthropic embroideries on the girdle tied by Truman around the Eastern Mediterranean, do not conceal its utilitarian purpose; it is a chastity belt particularly designed to protect the oil-reserves of the Middle East against Russian advances. "We clearly are moving into the Middle East to secure these reserves," said Senator Brewster, Chairman of the Senate Committee investigating the Navy's oil purchases in Arabia. "It may be vital for us to have oil at a very low cost."

In 1943, the U.S. State Department became frightened about the oil position. Up to that date, the U.S.A. had produced about 63 per cent. of the world's output. But oilfields are exhaustible. When Harold Ickes sent a Technical Mission to the Middle East, under the geologist, Dr. de Golyer, America's oil reserves were estimated at about 3,000 million tons or twelve years' supply. Even if extraction methods and new exploration were to provide additional resources lasting for fifty years, that would still be a brief and uncertain prospect for a country which uses more horse-power per man in its industry than any other. De Golyer reported that "the centre of gravity of world oil production is shifting from the Gulf-Carribean area to the Middle East-Persian Gulf area." This statement, far from depressing the U.S. oil companies, stimulated them. After all, provided they had access to Middle East oil, either as producers or distributors, its rich reserves (which, with one-twentieth of the exploration normally carried on in the U.S.A. in one year, they had proved to be larger than in any other of the world's oil regions) would make easier their task of getting, selling or controlling oil.

Between 1930 and 1946, the output of Middle East oil, chiefly for export, rose from 16 million to 32 million tons. In the same period, the output of United States oil rose by 70 million tons to 234 million tons, but the net export of U.S. oil—after allowing for imports of certain types of oil—was only about 2½ million tons. Venezuela, the world's largest oil exporter with an annual output of about 54 million tons, used to refine her oil in the Dutch West Indies before the war and ship it to Europe. Now, she ships at least half—and is steadily increasing the quantity—to the U.S.A. and other parts of the Western Hemisphere. That leaves the Middle East as the chief supplier for a Europe which gets hungrier for oil as its industry recovers, and for an India whose potentialities as a customer are now revealing themselves.

During the past year, a process of blending has taken place between British and American oil companies as distinct from the old practice of delimiting spheres of interest. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, 55 per cent. of whose stock is owned by the British Government, agreed in December to sell large quantities of crude oil to Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), and the Socony Vacuum Oil Co., two great distributing groups who find their scope restricted by the contraction of American exports. The second agreement by these companies is with the Arabian-American Oil Co., and purposes to develop its oil concessions in Saudi Arabia. Both agreements include a project to lay 26-inch pipe-lines to the Mediterranean where they will find an outlet in British protected territories. From the point of view of the Anglo-Iranian Company and Britain, the arrangements have the attraction of providing bulk sales and, in the long run, dollars. The American oil companies have made two important gains, through their Anglo-American contracts. Not only have they got their oil, in the case of the Anglo-Iranian agreement at the most profitable point of production—the point of transportation and refinement after the initial risks and uncertainties of drilling have been overcome, but they have also made their agreements without the interference of the Federal Government which they found so harassing when Roosevelt lived. During the war, Ickes formed the Petroleum Reserve Corporation as a federal project in order to secure the U.S.A.'s oil future, and initiated the idea of building a pipe-line from Saudi Arabia to the Mediterranean. The U.S. oil-men condemned the Government Corporation to death; but they took over the pipe-line scheme, carrying out a stroke of good business with the benevolence of the State Department.

The oil policy of the Foreign Office and the State Department is quite simply to keep their hands on the oil needed for their respective countries, and to promote the interest of the agencies or companies who provide the oil. Churchill, when First Lord of the Admiralty speaking of the Anglo-Persian oil agreement to the House of Commons on July 17th, 1913, said:

> Our ultimate policy is that the Admiralty should become the independent owner and producer of its own supplies of liquid fuel, first by building up an oil reserve in this country sufficient to make us safe in war. . . . The second aspect of our ultimate policy involves the Admiralty being able to refine oil of various kinds. This again leads us into having to dispose of the surplus production—another great problem—but I do not myself see any reason why we should shrink, if necessary, from entering this field of State enterprise . . . The third aspect of the ultimate policy is that we must become the owners or at any rate the controllers at the source of at least a proportion of the supply of natural oil which we require.

Since Churchill said this, Britain's oil policy has had to undergo certain changes, although his principle remains unshaken. We continue to produce and store oil in time of peace, owning its sources of production; but because of our fraternal association with the U.S.A. and lack of dollars, we also give the Americans, through Standard Oil and Socony Vacuum, increasing control of its piping, refining and distribution.

He who pays the pipe-line calls the tune. For the time being, the tune isn't displeasing to Britain. Even if Britain's relative influence diminishes as the American oil-men move into the Middle East, both Governments and oil companies agree that the Russians must be kept out. Their immediate aim is to extract oil for peace-time requirements, for war-stores and "pre-empt" surplus resources.

Russia doesn't like it. She is worried. In 1946, she only produced 20 million of the world's total oil-output of 375 million tons. By 1951, she hopes with the aid of her new Bashkirian wells to raise her output. But by 1951, the Middle East alone will produce 77 million tons. This is the area from which Russia should be able most economically to obtain oil, in order to help her industries recover and expand, and provide oil for her mechanised forces. Yet this is her dilemma. Prospecting for her army's oil as a safeguard against war, she must dip into regions where the search is most likely to find her army employment in war.

She is as anxious to have access to Middle East petroleum as Britain and the U.S.A. are anxious that she shouldn't. Her wrangle with Iran, dating from 1944 when she was refused an oil concession, the troops she left behind her in early 1946, her fostering of the Tudeh Party, the riots of Abadan and the despatch of British troops to Basra last August, are aspects of the conflict which springs from the desire of both Russia and Britain to win oil for themselves but to deny it to each other.

"The nature of War," said Hobbes, "consists not in actual fighting but in the disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary."

The economic as well as the diplomatic war between Britain and America on the one side, and Russia is going strong. The Russians thought that they had won a round when Qavam agreed to form a joint Russo-Iranian Oil Company with a 51 per cent. interest for Russia and a monopoly of oil exploitation in Northern Iran. Economically, it would be better to send Northern Iranian oil to Baku where there is surplus refining capacity, than to send it down to Abadan. But the Majlis hasn't ratified the agreement. When the Red Army withdrew, the Iran Government, taking the best foreign advice, crushed the Tudeh Party and re-established its authority in the North. As far as the Persian oil is concerned, Russia must wait north of the mountains, where the Russo-British Agreement of 1907 had once before limited her interests, and look frustratedly at the rapid expansion of Anglo-American production in the South.

The French have also been disgruntled. Their share of Middle East oil lay in their joint holding with Anglo-Iranian, Royal Dutch Shell, Standard Oil (New Jersey) and Socony Vacuum in the Iraq Petroleum Company. By an agreement in 1928, the holding firms undertook not to engage in the production of oil, except on joint account within a large area of the former Ottoman Empire, including Saudi Arabia. The 1946 U.S.-Saudi Arabia Agreement ignored the French entirely, treating them in the matter of oil as the U.S. Government treated them at Potsdam—as featherweights to be pushed out of the heavy class. France needs about 10 million tons of oil a year; at present she gets about a million tons a year from Iraq. The Compagnie Française des Pétroles, in which the French Government has a share, took the case to court. For the time being, they have been appeased by the promise of the U.S. oil companies to expand Iraq oil production (and France's share of it) irrespective of their new interest in Saudi Arabia. This provisional settlement leaves the Russians as the greatest, unsatisfied oil consumer.

"I will not have the Russians in my Middle East," a famous Foreign Secretary once said. He was, perhaps, unduly possessive. For if the oil of the Middle East is to bring benefits to the peoples in whose soil it is worked, if it is to unite and not divide those countries for whom oil is their industrial life-blood, the statesmen of the world mustn't think of the Middle East oil as their absolute right and possession but as a trust, for whose charge and development the nations have a collective responsibility.

MAURICE EDELMAN

ON APPROVED SCHOOLS

The recent sad happening at Standon Farm Approved School has at least served to secure much needed publicity for the children in these schools, the work done in the schools, and the general administrative set up connected with the schools. As Reformatory and Industrial schools set up by private people on their own initiative, they were almost unnoticed. Now as Approved Schools, i.e. schools approved by the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, it is still only when untoward incidents occur that they attract popular notice. This is a pity, because these 141 schools, in which are to be found 9,000 boys and over 2,000 girls, deal with a great social problem which is a constant challenge to society.

The boys and girls to be found in these schools are sent there because they are delinquents, are truants, are in need of care and protection, or are beyond parental control. Frequently the children come from broken homes; deprived children, who have failed to receive from parents the direction and encouragement given in happier homes. They have been deprived of normal environment and normal opportunities. Some undoubtedly have unfortunately a constitutional defect, and are by no means normal in outlook. Many are educationally below the average for varying reasons—large classes, truancy, being dull, retarded or having a general indifference to school. Some are border-line mental defective cases. But practically all have been sinned against, have been denied ordinary upbringing and as such, deserve our sympathy.

It is becoming fashionable to blame parents, and frequently the parents are only too blameworthy. Sometimes, however, the parents are too harassed, helpless and ignorant to help. There is too much unhappiness in their lives, and the plight of their children merely increases their own unhappiness. "I care for nobody; No, not I, and nobody cares for me" probably covers far too many of these cases. If we could possibly deal with the cases of broken home life, one might more easily find a case for juvenile delinquency. The broken home is the most tragic of a child's afflictions, and it is surprising that so many children overcome the handicap.

But however bad the home, there is generally something in it which will always pull the child back to it. Somebody in the home at some time means something to the child. If he is taken away from it, he will return to it given the least opportunity. It therefore behoves society to take great care that it does not needlessly uproot the child, deprive him of his freedom and forcibly send him away and detain him against his will.

If removal from home is necessary, every possible attempt should be made to see that the child is sent to the best possible home substitute. It might be that, if sufficient payment is offered, the right foster parents could be found and the child be boarded out. If he is a difficult problem child, the necessary authority could be obtained under Sect. 50 of the Education Act 1944 to send him to one of the progressive boarding schools which delight in dealing with such problems.

If the child is beyond school age, hostels or homes can be provided.

If all these are impossible and the boy must be sent to an Approved School we ought to be very certain that he is fit for such a school and that the school to which he is sent is fit to deal with him. The decision to send him is made in the Juvenile Court, so clearly we must be certain that those who sit there are competent to decide and also have the necessary information on which to base their decision. He would be a brave man who would say to-day that either of these conditions is always fulfilled. But how we are to avoid sending border line mental defective cases to approved schools, I don't know. Yet clearly they ought not to be sent.

The Children's Branch of the Home Office have tirelessly experimented in their attempts to make certain that a child is sent to the school most suitable. But all their efforts must fail when the classification of the schools is arranged according to age, sex, religion and geography. Such a classification makes treatment according to the needs of the child almost impossible. It is probable that religion and sex classification must continue, but we might reconsider age and geography.

The Home Office during the war bravely tackled this problem and set up classifying schools. The Curtis Committee were rather hard on the one at Aycliffe, but the Scottish Committee were much more favourably impressed. The experiment is conducted under great difficulties, and doubtless mistakes are made. It is hard to see how we can conduct experiments without making mistakes. The school is almost certainly too large. It has too many departments, and it probably spends too much time over the classification. That can, of course, if necessary be put right, but it is heartening to know that the Children's Branch have repeated the experiment elsewhere. Should this experiment succeed, it might be possible to classify children according to aptitude and ability and provide schools to cater for the particular type. There might be schools of the grammar school type for the brighter children—schools for the unstable and maladjusted children—schools for the retarded or backward or below average children—the majority, whose approach to education would be a practical one, similar to that in the modern schools. Finally, there might be more and more short-time schools to which children specially selected could be sent by the Juvenile Courts for periods of 6 to 12 months. The Children's Branch have wisely experimented with this type of school and are increasing the number.

A classification on these lines seems possible, and if so, it should be possible to implement fully the Reynolds Report and secure staffs with recognised qualifications and training, adequate housing accommodation for the staffs, better buildings, smaller classes, deputy head masters and house masters. In that case these particular difficult children could be individually treated according to their needs. Society would then feel more justified in sending children to Approved Schools.

It might be found possible to develop a system of long-term Remand Homes for regional areas, retaining short-term Remand Homes for less serious cases. Remand Homes have only been the responsibility of County Councils and County Borough Councils since 1933, and their future is still to be determined. If they be developed as suggested, they would certainly lessen the number of children sent to Approved Schools. In any case, there should be Regional Observation Centres staffed by psychiatrists and psychologists to whom difficult children could be taken for advice and guidance.

It seems inevitable that some children must be sent to Approved Schools. That being so, every step must be taken to secure that they are not detained a moment longer than is necessary. Mr. Oliver Stanley emphasised this when introducing the 1933 Act. In the Statutory Rules and Orders, 1933, Rule 40 emphasised this point and clearly expressed the wishes of Parliament. Rule 40 says that the question of release must be considered towards the end of a child's first year in the school. It is very evident that the wishes of Parliament in this matter have not always been observed, and that there has been a tendency for Home Office, Managers and Heads to prefer to keep children for longer periods. They have done it with the very best intentions but the practice ought to stop. In fact, it would be well that Managers should more frequently apply to the Home Office for sanction to release a child before he has served 12 months, as they are empowered to do under Rule 40. This is a most important Rule and properly carried out would do much to satisfy the wishes of Parliament.

A further change which would be helpful would be if more Approved Schools were provided by Local Authorities. Today 111 out of 141 are voluntary schools. Local Authorities, although under a statutory obligation to cover any deficiency have been rather loath to provide such schools. They probably hoped that the need for them would disappear. As a result, the Children's Branch had to make almost superhuman efforts during the war to provide buildings, managers, equipment and staff to meet the wartime increased demand. In all, 66 new schools had their Certificates granted and 54 were actually opened.

If the Local Authorities would undertake the task, it would be far easier to staff the schools adequately. Today the schools are not attractive to the great majority of teachers. The work is onerous, hours are long, living accommodation is poor, the children are difficult with a wide age range and a wider attainment range. The work, too, restricts a teacher's outside school activities.

Local Authorities could integrate the schools within their general system. They could encourage teachers to spend a certain period in such schools. Teachers would gain from the experience and the schools would gain from their experience. Promotion schemes would take such service into consideration. Other Local Authority outside contacts could be established for recreative provision both inside and outside the school, while contact with the homes of the children could be maintained by welfare officers.

It is probably too much to expect to gain the above. Voluntary organisations would resist. Yet their difficulty of obtaining managers and staff must surely bring them to realise that the task is really one for the Local Authority. The fact, too, that the State and Local Authority bear the whole expense of maintenance must weigh heavily in this direction. It should be possible to meet religious objections, for the voluntary pioneers have too much the good of the child at heart to stand in the way of better staffing, better management and better facilities for this particularly unfortunate type of child. J. Corlett

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

On April 11, 1946, a remarkable conference took place at the Cowdray Hall under the auspices of the Public Morality Council. The subject was Artificial Human Insemination. The chairmain was Lord Caldecote and the speakers included several well-known doctors, a sociologist, a psychologist, a lawyer and three theologians, a Roman Catholic, an Anglican, and a spokesman of the Free Churches. The discussion, which was frank, dignified and fundamental, is now published in a book with a Foreword by the Bishop of London.*

The first type of Artificial Insemination (A.I.H., i.e., A.I. from the Husband) only aroused objection if it involved masturbation; no speaker objected to medical aid being given to a wife whose desire for children is thwarted because her husband is impotent (not sterile) or because she herself suffers from some malformation. The second type, Artificial Insemination from a Donor (A.I.D.) has already been widely used in the United States, where suitable students are paid to act as donors. Complete records already exist of some 5,000 tabulated cases. In this country the practice is as yet on a smaller scale. In cases where a husband or wife both desire a child and the obstacle is found to be the sterility or partial sterility of the husband, the semen of a voluntary donor is obtained and used to fertilise the wife. The doctor is given written declarations by both husband and wife requesting that this shall be done and accepting the child as their own. The donor is unknown to the parents and does not himself know to whom he has rendered this strange service.

The lawyer at once sees limitless complications. The parents are committing an offence in registering the child as their own. The wife, on the legal precedent of the Russell case, is committing adultery—without its pleasures and with the full approval of her husband. What happens if the husband later repents of his decision and declares that the child is not his own? What happens—superb material for the novelist or playwright!—if, in later life, an unmistakeable resemblance is noticed between the growing child and its unknown father? If the practice becomes common, many children with the same father may be born to different women. Will it matter if, unknowingly, they marry and commit incest? New fields of speculation are opened up, and it is clear, as the legal speaker in this symposium said, that, if the practice grows, new legislation will, in course of time, be necessary to regularise it. It would be interesting to know whether any of these legal or social problems have arisen in America, and, if so, how they have been tackled.

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* *Artificial (Human) Insemination.* (Heinemann, 3*s.* 6*d.*).

In this country no such problems have arisen and, as long as A.I.D. is confined to doctors of the type now practising it, no difficulties seem likely. Dr. Barton's contribution to this discussion made it abundantly clear that many women's lives are thwarted and miserable as a result of their husband's sterility, that adoption will not always solve the problem, and that A.I.D. had had the effect of saving marriages that would otherwise have broken up. That this may often be the case we know partly from the researches of Mr. Kenneth Walker, who took part in this conference. He finds that as many as one-third of sterile marriages are due to a deficiency in the male, and there is no doubt that the result is acute disappointment and misery for many women and that broken marriages are the result. So far, however, the practice of A.I.D. in this country has been restricted to cases where the husbands and wives and the donors are all personally known to the doctors, who are satisfied that all the conditions of success are present and and that secrecy will be preserved. Unmarried women, who asked for A.I.D., have been refused, and it is only granted where no other remedy can be found. Dr. Joan Malleson was able to ask, with great effect, whether any objection can really be found to such an increase in human happiness and social welfare, and to remind moralists who disapproved that a parallel might be drawn with society's attitude to birth control. "During twenty-four years the viewpoint of most clergy to the matter of contraception has changed greatly; and, recalling this, is it not possible that they would be wise not to adjudicate finally on this other problem?"

The attitude of the churches to contraception has certainly changed. As I read the objections raised in this symposium I feel sure that the Anglican and Nonconformist opposition to A.I.D. will also crumble. Dr. H. P. Newsholme took the surely untenable position that the practice was to be condemned because it involved the wrongful act of masturbation and therefore was at best an attempt to achieve a good end by bad means. The Rev. G. L. Russell argued, ingeniously rather than successfully, that A.I.D. violates "Natural Law" in some sense that contraception does not; birth control may serve the "*true ends* of sexual activity, of marriage, of family life," but A.I.D., involving an act that amounts to adultery, cannot do so, even though some cases may occur in which it makes both husband and wife happier and cements their marriage. He asked whether, by the same argument, it could be right for a husband to agree to his wife taking a lover in order to enrich his own marriage. The Rev. Dr. T. G. Dunning, speaking as a Free Churchman, was also oppressed with the moral problems involved, and concluded that, even where the motive was good, A.I.D. involved so much that was "questionable and at this stage incalculable" that he thought it "should be in the main definitely discouraged."

The scientist, with no criterion except human happiness, may have listened to these arguments with a smile. Natural Law, lacking an authoritative source of interpretation, is a dubious ground of argument, and, if so revolutionary a practice as A.I.D. is no more than "questionable and at this stage incalculable" to a prominent Nonconformist, then opposition from the Free Churches is not likely to be more effective than it has been in the case of birth control. The Catholic position, stated by the Rev. J. C. Heenan, is of a very different order. His argument was also based on Natural Law, but his interpretation had behind it the final and infallible decrees of the Vatican. Speaking with good humour and assurance, Rev. J. C. Heenan explained that "no consent of husband and wife can remove the immorality" of what is in itself a sinful act. The next stage would be the production of "test-tube babies" and the attempt to stud-breed human beings. Rome forbids contraception: how much more an indirect form of adultery?

> In the modern state, what is permissible in one generation easily becomes compulsory in the next. If not likely, it is at least not impossible that artificial insemination may to-morrow be thought morally sound and socially smart. The day after to-morrow it may be imposed upon the wives of the poor, who for one reason or other, have been unable to produce children . . .

Here revealed in a few sentences are the strength and the weakness of the Catholic position. The pronouncements of the Vatican cannot of themselves affect the advance of science; they have only authority with those who have decided to abandon the difficult task of making up their own minds. Moreover, the opposition to all that does not square with the Church's conception of Natural Law involves a revolution in human affairs of a kind that the Roman Catholic himself seldom admits. On this authority men and women, however poor, are to have as many children, wanted or unwanted, as Nature decides, and by this argument, as the Rev. Dr. Dunning pointed out, there is little of our society from medicines and twilight sleep, surgical operation, prophylactic serums or blood-transfusions (as artificial as A.I.D.) down to motor cars and atom bombs which ought not to be condemned. The whole of our society is artificial, and this artificiality springs not from any desire to destroy family life (which every speaker at this conference wished to foster), or even any desire violently to destroy society itself (as it may well do), but simply from the discovery and spread of knowledge. Roman Catholics should, I submit, state frankly as their thesis that the Kingdom of God, as they understand it, demands ignorance, at least for the masses. Eire and Spain must be their ideals; only in countries where the priest and the policeman together rule the village, where property and knowledge are the privilege of the few and an elaborately preserved ritual and mythology are prescribed for the masses, can the Roman Church maintain its conception of a life according to Nature. For only in such countries can the Church exclude the corruption of scientific knowledge and the urge to use it for individual happiness, even at the expense of Catholic morality. And even in these countries the birth-rate suggests some disobedience of the natural law of fecundity.

The Catholic does not readily admit that he is opposed to the spread of knowledge. He plays on our fears of the evil use of knowledge. We are so accustomed to seeing the abuse of the power conferred by science that we instinctively recoil at any discovery that seems to introduce mechanism into love-making and that might bring nearer the Platonic conception of a regime in which breeding is a State service, divorced from both the pleasures and responsibilities of parenthood and family life. But rationally considered, A.I.D. is far less threatening from this point of view than many other scientific inventions; much less so, for instance, than contraception. On the only two tests that matter in such affairs—the increase of love and happiness—A.I.D. passes with flying colours. Since no one would wish to use A.I.D. who could have children by the normal means, there is no temptation to its abuse; indeed, it would have no appeal except to couples with an unusual degree of responsibility, and its results should be to strengthen, not undermine, family life.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Arts and Entertainment

IL TROVATORE

WHEN Corno di Bassetto abandoned music for literature, the result was loss as well as gain. Though he would be the first to deny it, there have been many better dramatists than Bernard Shaw; but on the subject of music few men have written so sensibly, and none more entertainingly. In an age when most Bayreuthians were openly contemptuous of middle period Verdi, did anyone pay a handsomer or a juster tribute to *Il Trovatore* than the Perfect Wagnerite? "A heroic work, capable of producing a tremendous effect if heroically performed. But anything short of this means vulgarity, triviality, tediousness, and failure; for there is nothing unheroic to fall back on." And again: "it has tragic power, poignant melancholy, impetuous vigor, and a sweet and intense pathos that never loses its dignity . . . It is absolutely void of intellectual interest: the appeal is to the instincts and to the senses all through. If it allowed you to think for a moment it would crumble into absurdity like the garden of Klingsor."

Believing all this to be as true as an aesthetic statement can well be, I conclude that anything which interferes in the name of intellectual clarity with the instinctive and sensual appeal of *Il Trovatore* is bad business and worse art. As everyone knows, Professor Dent's operatic translations are a model of neatness and skill; and yet I defy any member of the Covent Garden audience, on the evidence of his ears alone, to write out an intelligible account of what has just happened upon the stage. It simply can't be done; we still have to mug up the lengthy programme synopsis in between the acts, and argue with one another about those two wretched babies, just as though we were back in one of the wicked Grand International Seasons of the past. But if the English words don't allow us to catch more than an occasional glimpse of the plot, they seriously hamper the singers and interfere with our pleasure in the arias. A lot of people will deny this on principle; but the difficulty of doing justice on the one hand to the heroic, soaring or brilliant Verdian phrases, and on the other to the thick consonants and mixed vowels of the English language, is evident again and again at Covent Garden; and it is too often the musical phrase which suffers. The sacrifice may be worth while in *La Traviata*, which has an intelligible plot, a contemporary setting and fairly credible characters; in *Il Trovatore*, where on the purely rational plane almost every action is either incomprehensible or incredible, the one thing which will ever carry conviction is the swelling ardour and beauty of the vocal line. To take an obvious instance: unless we are dazzled by the rhythmic vitality and tonal magnificence of "Di quella pira," we are bound to reflect that it is a far better thing to rush out and save your mother from the stake than to declaim heroically on the subject indoors.

It also follows that there is very little point in putting on this opera unless you have the right sort of singers; just as there are certain bids which no sound bridge player contemplates without four quick tricks, one of them an ace. The *Trovatore* ace is Manrico: a role for which a ringing, heroic tenor is indispensable. It was puzzling, to say the least, to read favourable and even enthusiastic notices of the new Manrico in three of our leading dailies, only to learn from a fourth that he had been the object of a hostile demonstration on the first night. Not having been present on that occasion, I can only say that his performance on the second night, while, free from obvious mishaps, was not for a moment adequate to the temper of the music. Jess Walters is a competent baritone without the brilliance of upper register, the shapeliness of phrase or the dramatic fire to do justice to the Count di Luna; and Doris Doree is a careful artist who occasionally becomes a Verdi soprano. The nearest thing to a good trick at Covent Garden is the Azucena of Edith Coates, a dramatically powerful impersonation which loses its force only at those moments when (with precisely the opposite intention in view) she allows herself to lapse from music into speech. Her voice tends to be harsh, and is not well enough under control to manage the niceties of "Stride la vampa"; but she, in some of her bolder and broader phrases, achieved one effect of true Verdian intensity.

Chorus, orchestra, Ferrando (Marian Nowakowski) and the ensemble in general varied from good to excellent, under the extremely spirited direction of Reginald Goodall. For the gypsy encampment Derek Hill designed an effective panorama with a distant view of the Bay of Biscay; the other sets, so far as as one could see them in the gloom, followed the heavily architectural style customary in old-fashioned opera, which was at least better than trying to be too clever about the least clever work in the repertory. But in *Il Trovatore* producer, designer, conductor, chorus and band all have to take a back seat; what really matters is the quality of the four principals. This may be regrettable and reactionary and retrograde; but it is an awkward fact which we might as well recognise. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

Two talks last week—neither of them by an experienced broadcaster—possessed the two related qualities which, more than any others, make good radio: vitality and enthusiasm. One was by Mr. Isaiah Berlin—an account of the Russian critic, Belinsky; the other by the "Critic of the Week," Mr. Glynne Wickham, who seems still to be an undergraduate at Oxford. It was obvious that Mr. Berlin's broadcast was an essay read aloud: he did not vary his pace, nor try to get round us by sleight of voice. But his tones sputtered with electricity like a tram going over points; and an absolute possession of the subject, a forensic order and clarity, told us an astonishing amount in a short space of time. This is, I believe, the only kind of "lecturer" to whom habitual readers can really attend. Mr. Wickham's talk was a very different matter: he did not try to keep to the point, he stuffed his discourse with odds and ends, he attempted radio tricks (half-laughs and hesitations) which did not quite come off; but he really had something to say, and said it conversationally and with bubbling enthusiasm. If you are young and know a lot about a subject, it is difficult to talk about it without seeming conceited. Mr. Wickham, however, succeeded in doing this. What he had to say as a critic was of special interest, because he is not old enough to have been aware of a world without radio; so that the stuff of that tricky and fascinating art is clearly part of the furniture of his mind. I was particularly struck by his suggestion (which I have not heard made before) that the "token" scenery of the Elizabethan stage ("A Forest," "The Battlements," "A Hall of Audience," and so on), however rudimentarily indicated, was perfectly efficacious for that audience because the art, or science, of *heraldry* was part of its education. To the Elizabethans the stage was a shield emblazoned with stylised birds, or three boars and a quiver, a chess castle or a mailed fist; and these, taken together with the motto, pictured a forest, a hunt, the Englishman's home, or a battlefield. No wonder the radio narrator's voice ("cold-fish," Mr. MacNeice calls it in the preface to his published scripts) fails so signally to make us *see* anything at all. "We are in the library at Swifts," the voice announces chattily. Oh, no, we aren't! We're only in a B.B.C. studio, and the sunset through the mullioned window, the cheerful log fire, the staircase, are so many vocables. If some clever man of the air would devise an heraldic system for radio—perhaps a combination of simple musical phrases and artificial sounds—*a vocabulary of sonorous images* which we should all recognise immediately, and which would gradually accumulate round themselves a wealth of visual associations, the task of the radio producer would be relieved of an unnecessary burden and the medium become less awkward and limited. That recorded seagull, of course, just won't do any more; but it was originally an excellent idea, on quite the right lines, which have not been followed up. It was an heraldic seagull.

In his *Return Journey* (repeated last Saturday) Mr. Dylan Thomas produced an exemplary piece of radio. His rhythmical prose (which is Celtic or Elizabethan in origin—perhaps both) carried the whole weight of memories and impressions, sweeping them effortlessly along on the tide of this poet's astonishing eloquence. The characters (Thomas included) loomed as it were in and out of a dissolving web of words, music and sounds. This is the best way to write for the medium. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Open City," at the Rialto

FIRST, *Open City* is a film of the very highest class; second, it's about Resistance. The second statement unfortunately may deter filmgoers who, during the war, had a surfeit of Resistance: our top feelings were involved on, I'm afraid, far too haphazard a level. Not that these films were so bad, but they were at a remove, and on the screen guess-work rarely or never pays. We got to know the Resistance story backwards and forwards, till it ran as regularly as the local bus service. The story was true, more or less, while every detail came out wrong. One realised this at times, because none of the films was quite as stirring as it should have been, but the theme, the obviously good intentions, the general helpfulness compelled one's sympathy. It was a sort of decent blackmail. Its legacy has been a reluctance ever to meet that particular story again, and that reluctance, I was surprised and delighted to find, *Open City* banishes from the very first instant.

The city is Rome during the Occupation. An underground leader looking for funds has been marked down by the Gestapo; he is helped by a priest who smuggles away wads of notes disguised as bibelots; there are inquiries, informings, a full-dress swoop, arrest, rescue, and finally the torture-chamber for the leader, and the firing-squad for the priest. Where *Open City* immeasurably surpasses all other films of its kind is in tragic inevitability of event and the conviction of every detail: if the characters and the background were not so engrossing this might even be called a slow film, but as it is, every moment, every detail and revelation, piles up like casually gathering storm-clouds for the tragic end. The two great movements of the piece—the Gestapo swoop, and the atrocious grilling at headquarters—are impressive indeed. This is a story built on character—the pregnant woman shot down during the raid, the Resistance leader, the priest, a young actress who takes drugs and informs, dozens of minor personages. We see exactly the kind of life these people lead. There are bread queues but no bread. At four in the afternoon the curfew drives them indoors. They flock into partly bombed tenements. They scratch themselves. They joke, debate and dispute. They sit out on the stairs for privacy. An uproar in one apartment has its quiet fringes: the grandfather on a bed grinning over the prospect of his next meal, the smallest child sitting on its pot. Then, perhaps, with a flurry of terror the cars and vans and steel helmets of the enemy are reported from the street. Where will they stop? Before this very building?

The acting is of the subtle, intimate realistic kind that can move to tears without a single overstrained gesture. Anna Magnani as the woman shot down by the Gestapo and Aldo Fabrizi as the gently heroic priest give performances that are no less mangificent because quiet. Roberto Rosselini, the director, has given perfect shape to the whole piece, and has a genius for the detail that will bring to life. (If one questions anything it is the Gestapo chief and his crew, but they are as near as one can get to the fantastic truth.) He reveals also, sparingly, a gift for robust comedy that, if developed, might prove even more striking than the tragedy of *Open City*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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TWO GOOD PAINTERS

The Adams Gallery is showing the work of two painters who may be described as Franco-British: Miss M. Constance Lloyd, who attracted attention at the Salon des Independants in 1908 and who has lived in France ever since; and Mlle Jane Simone Bussy, daughter of the exquisite Simon Bussy and of the English translator of Gide. How much knowledge has gone to make a picture so painterly as Miss Lloyd's *Yellow Fruit*! And in the smaller of the two Venetian scenes this painterliness has been used to convey a moment of imaginative vision so happy that the picture might be the work of a great master. If I were a painter I should feel that to produce two or three such successes as this was worth the labour of a lifetime. Mlle Bussy paints with a delightfully un-English decisiveness: her Still Life is lit by the penetrating blaze of Reason, and such pictures as *Orangeade, Plums and Peaches, Oranges and Lemons* make their subjects as it were more real than reality. The composition is no less assured than the handling. Used as I am to hopeful fumblings in our island fogs, I find this unhesitating attack hugely exhilarating. Mlle Bussy's English blood comes out, I suspect, in the landscapes which are poetical in a good sense, look at *Lingostière* and *Rothiemurchas*. This is an exhibition not to be missed by connoisseurs. R.M.

Correspondence

CHINESE STUDENTS

Sir,—I have been asked to send you the enclosed "Open Letter" from the students of twenty Chinese colleges and universities. I would like to say that I know many of the leading students who have been in the forefront of the recent demonstrations, and that I consider the statement to be moderate in view of what many of them have gone through. I have no idea how the foreign press abroad has treated the occurrences, but I think that there is little doubt that the Government of China was deeply affected by them. I do not think that this is hard to realise when one considers the terrible measures that they found it necessary to use against these unarmed students, some of whom have been killed. Even now many are lodged in camps where no doubt they will be given special lectures on democracy — democracy in China now being considered as complete obedience to the Government from one's thoughts to one's actions.

Although most students are now back studying, there is still a very tense feeling amongst them. I have heard from a friend in the Chinese Ministry of Information that steps will be taken at the appropriate moment to prevent certain students from graduating. Seemingly the Government at the moment deems it unwise to put this into operation, but if they wait until vacation begins in a few weeks' time, then they can quietly get on with more arrests.

Here is the letter:

> "A new student movement has been under way for some time in China, and day by day is gathering momentum. As is well recognised in this country, whenever China has been confronted with danger or impending troubles students have always come to the fore and have taken a great share in pointing the way.
>
> As a result of the continuing civil war, our factories have closed down, our farms are devastated and deserted, our economy is ruined and our education is on the verge of collapse. People all over the country are groaning under the weight of starvation, floods, drought and disease; eking out a miserable existence and daily growing more desperate. Students in this country attend their classes with empty stomachs, while tuberculosis, anaemia and other diseases resulting from undernourishment are spreading amongst them. Our nation has reached the biggest crisis in its history and our people can no longer bear these intolerable burdens. We have appealed to the Government to listen to the wishes of the people. We have appealed to the authorities to provide food for the starving, to stop the civil war, to avert the educational crisis and to bring in a democratic regime.
>
> On the morning of May 20th students of sixteen colleges and universities from Nanking, Shanghai, Soochow and Hangchow united to stage a demonstration and to present a petition to the Government. This demonstration, which was in all respects peaceful, was met by the Government with armed force. When we marched on in spite of the threat of violence we found ourselves under the merciless attack of the police and gendarmes, who used stones, clubs, leather belts, whips and iron bars to beat us with, and then turned hosepipes on us. The procession was dispersed. Under the blows of the police, gendarmes and secret agents who were working under Government orders, our blood fell into the soil of our country.
>
> One hundred and four students were wounded; nineteen of them seriously. One of them had his leg fractured and another had his skull cracked. A girl student received injuries all over her body. These three students are still in hospital. Not content with beating alone, the police trampled two girl students who had fallen under foot and kicked them with their boots. Other students who had run into shops for shelter were dragged out by policemen and beaten up.
>
> After this stormy attack we nevertheless reassembled our procession, only to be stopped once more by five cordons of cavalrymen, civil police, self-defence corps, secret and military police armed with rifles, machine guns and tear gas.
>
> This unfortunate incident is not isolated, it having been repeated in many other big cities of this country. In Shanghai, Peiping, Tientsin, and Hangchow bloodshed has been the order of the day. Such acts of violence on the part of the Government are not only a deprivation of a basic freedom that exists in all democratic countries but also run counter to the Provisional Constitution of the Period of Political Tutelage of the Kuomintang. In addition they are diametrically opposed to the outlines of the Joint Administration recently promulgated by the new Cabinet. These sanguinary acts have revealed the true character of the Government which calls itself democratic.
>
> Students all over China are united in aim in the face of the present darkness. People in all walks of life support us. A new China of freedom and democracy will come into existence. For the sake of world peace, for the well-being of mankind and its future we earnestly hope that people all over the world, you people who love freedom and desire peace will stretch out hands of friendship."

There have been a good many accusations made that the student movement was Communist inspired. It is true, of course, that there does exist a certain amount of sympathy with the Communists amongst some of the students. Indeed, what else can one expect in view of the behaviour of the Kuomintang and its task of organising the country as little else but a fascist State? But to say that the present movement was anything but a free and spontaneous desire by the students to see some democracy in China is a complete distortion of the facts. My impression is that the students are far more inclined towards Socialism than Communism, and they have said that they realise that the stopping of the civil war depends upon the Communists in equal proportion as it does on the Government. There are a few who think that the Communist area is Utopia, but they are a few. Most intelligent people in China, whilst sympathetic to the material achievements of the Communists, fear their supposed ruthlessness, and look longingly, if hopelessly, to a really democratic order.

Englishman in China

Charms against Pain

In ancient Greece the formula of any particularly effective remedy was engraved on the posts of the Temple of Æsculapius, the god of healing. He prescribed natural remedies for disease and employed soothing charms to relieve pain.

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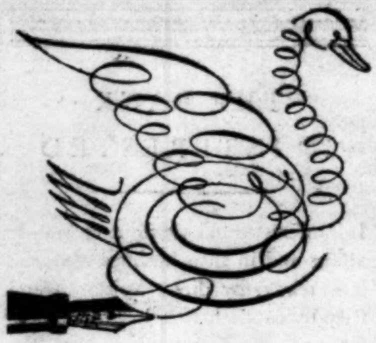

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Company Meeting

ODHAMS PRESS

SUCCESS OF PUBLICATIONS

The 27th annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Ltd., was held in London on June 26th.

Mr. Arthur G. Cousins, C.B.E., the chairman, said that the trading profit of £1,006,226 was practically the same as that of the previous year. The net profit was £963,495, and the directors recommended an Ordinary dividend of 15 per cent. plus a bonus of 2½ per cent. The final results of the subsidiary companies was a net profit of £465,399, compared with £414,567 for the previous year.

The item of copyrights and publishing rights, £2,736,669, might seem large, but for the assets included they regarded it as a very moderate one indeed, taking into account the earning capacity of the group. He was sure that all stockholders were proud of the success of the newspapers, periodicals and other publications for which they were responsible, including "The Daily Herald," with a net circulation of over 2,000,000 copies for every day of publication; "The People," with a circulation of over 4,500,000 copies each week; "John Bull," over a million; "Illustrated," over a million; "Woman," over a million, and many other periodicals with large and influential circulations.

The net result of all the figures was a trading profit of £1,737,370, which was 15½ per cent. of their gross revenue. Of the net profit of the group, provision for taxation took 75.5 per cent., dividends 20.8 per cent., and reserves and carry-forward 3.7 per cent.

The board realised that no business could remain static. They would take reasonable risks as every business must. Next year he hoped to report further progress of their great and influential business.

The report was adopted.

ASPIRIN FOR HUNGARIAN HEADACHE

Sir,—In his important article "Hungarian Headache" Mr. John Haire proved to be a friend of the Hungarian people, yet he was not exhaustive. There is more in Hungary than rumour and counter-rumour. There is an everyday heroic and in great part successful struggle for the reconstruction and rehabilitation of one of the most devastated areas by World War II. In this peaceful but effective struggle for reconstruction, the Communist Minister of Communications, Mr. Gero, is playing a prominent part. I am no Communist, I belong to no party, but as a Hungarian, a Budapest resident since my childhood, who has to cross several times a day the artery of Central Europe, the Danube, I cannot help but admire him and his industrial workers, especially those who built the bridges on the Danube in the most unfavourable circumstances. Surely, the Communists are a minority in Hungary, as well as the Social-Democrats, both being par-excellence representative of industrial labour in a predominantly agricultural country, but in their well-organised minority lies their force.

Mr. Haire is right in affirming that in present-day Hungarian politics coalition should continue, but I believe he is wrong in stating that "the basic Russian mistake in Hungary was the failure in the early Debrecen days to allow an opposition party." In an all-round coalition, as it existed in the period succeeding to the liberation of the country from Nazi domination, all parties were in some respect oppositions and nearly every day could be read in newspapers of one party, criticisms of Cabinet members of another party. The expectations of Mr. Haire that an opposition party would have attracted those elements now seeking an outlet in the Smallholders Party and disruptive of both party and coalition policy, did not materialise through the foundation of Sulyok's opposition party—the Liberty Party. For although this latter party has been permitted to exist and function for about half a year, a lot of Rightist and reactionary elements remained in the Smallholders Party, as recent events proved. Dr. Andor Karasz

Ponty utca 4. Attorney at Law,
Budapest, Hungary.

SOVIET EXPANSION

Sir,—In your issue of June 7th you commendably grant freedom of speech to a housewife who disagrees with your editorial attitude toward rationing and to the Minister of Home Affairs of Northern Ireland, who takes issue with an article on the state of civil liberties in that country. May an American claim the benefit of the same tolerance to advance a few points of criticism of Mr. Kingsley Martin's elaboration, in that same issue, of his statement: "It is not Russia that has expanded since the war, it is the United States."?

The simplest comment is to note that Soviet territorial expansion in Europe and Asia since the beginning of the Second World War has added 273,947 square miles to the area and some 24 million people to the population of the Soviet Union. The only alien territory that seems likely to come under permanent American administration is the formerly mandated Japanese South Seas Islands, with a few tens of thousands of inhabitants and about one thousand square miles of area.

There are other aspects of the situation which are not adequately covered in Mr. Martin's comment. He speaks of the Soviet Union as "regaining large areas of traditional Russian territory, much of it surrendered at Brest-Litovsk." But Eastern Galicia, Northern Bukovina, Eastern Czechoslovakia and Koenigsberg, with its hinterland, at no time in history belonged to Russia. Moreover, these Soviet annexations were in violation, not of the obsolete Brest-Litovsk Treaty, but of voluntary treaties of non-aggression, concluded, at the initiative of the Soviet Government, with Poland, Finland and the Baltic Republics in 1932.

Mr. Martin refers disapprovingly to American hemispheric defence agreements, but says nothing about similar Soviet arrangements with the satellite states in Eastern and Central Europe. America's announced policy in Greece and Turkey does not seem to go beyond the proper collective security obligations of a member of the United Nations. Surely the most suspicious Soviet commentator would not suggest that Turkey is likely to attack the Soviet Union or that Greece is on the point of launching an offensive against Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, backed as these countries are by the enormous power of Russia? Announcement of a firm American policy seems a good assurance that Russia will not directly or indirectly attack Greece or Turkey.

On-the-spot investigation in Iceland would show that America has almost completed liquidation of its air installations there, while the airfield in Saudi Arabia is a normal commercial enterprise.

More important, perhaps, than the bare facts of formal territorial expansion is the Soviet conquest of foreign countries through fifth-column infiltration. Surely the long list of States in Eastern Europe where Communists hold key positions, including control of the police (Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Finland) is far more closely tied to Russia than are the countries outside the Soviet orbit which have received or may receive American financial aid.

Finally, life in the Soviet Union is militarised from the elementary school stage, while the United States has not made up its mind to adopt universal military training. Behind the policy of the United States is a long live-and-let-live philosophy making for political isolationism, and being subjected to slow, reluctant modification because of the threat of world-conquering dictators and ideologies. Behind the Soviet Union is the philosophy which Lenin thus summed up:

"It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist States—ultimately one or the other must conquer." William Henry Chamberlain

22 Holden Street,
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

GERMAN PRISONERS

Sir,—The following sequence of events took place at a local German P.O.W. Camp.

1. In March an instruction was received from headquarters which stated "As far as can be seen, repatriation of Group 12, Category B, prisoners will be completed by the end of June."

2. In April a nominal roll of 10 names belonging to Group 12 was received, these men being scheduled for immediate repatriation. A few days later this order was cancelled, no reason being given. Nevertheless, it was presumed by the prisoners that they would still be repatriated by the end of June.

3. On June 18th an instruction was received which stated that as a result of a new screening many prisoners hitherto in Category C, and as such ineligible for repatriation, had been transferred to Category B. As a result the repatriation of all Category B men would be delayed and the revised date for Group 12 repatriation was provisionally given as August 15th.

From the published figures of repatriations up to date, it is clear that there has been no breach of faith, and by using provisional language the authorities have safeguarded themselves again promise breaking, nor would most prisoners dispute the fairness of the new screening. Nevertheless, the morale in the camp has fallen and many have lost confidence in the intentions of the British Government. Many believe that the real reason for this postponement is the reluctance of the factories and farmers to dispense with their labour.

Whether or not there is any justification for our continuing to hold and employ P.O.W.s two years after the cessation of hostilities I will not argue, but I think it disgraceful to subject these men and their families to unnecessary disappointment, and impolitic to raise doubts in their minds as to the good faith of the British people.

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PRISONERS AND INSURANCE

Sɪʀ,—I was glad to see that you raised the question of the insurance of prisoners. I think the public do not at all realise what added difficulties are put in the way of the ex-prisoner who wants to go straight by the fact that his insurance card is unstamped. That has always been the case since State Insurance existed, but under the new Act the loss of pension rights that he may suffer as a result may well mean that his punishment continues for years after he has completed his prison sentence. The present position is neither fair to the ex-prisoner nor politic from the point of view of the community. The prisons aim —at least, in theory—at reforming the prisoners. The D.P.A.s, with official encouragement, aim at helping them after discharge as a continuation of that reformative process. Then at the same time we place snags like this in the path of rehabilitation. Humanity, fairness and common sense alike demand that proper insurance arrangements should be made.

W. A. Eʟᴋɪɴ,
Hon. Press Secretary.
The Howard League for Penal Reform.

RELIEF FOR EUROPE

Sɪʀ,—Your readers do not need me to point out to them the gravity of living conditions in the three countries we work in—Poland and the British zones of Austria and Germany. But as one concrete instance is worth a heap of generalisations, will you allow me space to quote from a report from our team leader in Dortmund? He is describing a feeding scheme for 6,500 children which has been running since December. "Nutrition experts maintain that for a child to reap any benefit it must receive at least one pint of soup a day for a hundred days. As the weather worsened, more and more mothers said that it was impossible for their children to attend the feeding centres because they either had no shoes or what they had were far from waterproof. . . . In January we made a survey in one district and found that, of 1,737 children, 821 were shoeless or wearing improvised home-made shoes (9 per cent had no footwear at all). The majority had had no new shoes for over two years. It was common to see children in the snow wearing pieces of wood for soles and cloth straps for uppers."

Will readers who feel moved to do something about this please ransack their wardrobes and boot cupboards and send the result, if they are not already in touch with a local collecting centre, to: Friends Relief Service, c/o Davies, Turner & Co. Ltd., St. Barnabas Hall, Pimlico Road, London, S.W.1. The menace of the coming winter must be faced, and this year we want to meet it as early as possible—not merely in Germany but in Poland and Austria as well. Last winter we could get nothing into Poland for weeks because the Baltic was frozen.

But clothing is only one side of the picture—hunger remains. The Dortmund report we have just quoted ends: "It is almost a tragedy that the Swedish scheme stops on June 21st, but we are glad that we and the Swiss can continue till the end of July. The need has never been greater." But what is to happen at the end of July? Dwindling resources have compelled us to curtail many such feeding schemes: others will cease altogether with the harvest. We know that our contribution, in relation to the need, is but a drop in the ocean. We depend upon public generosity to ensure that it doesn't cease altogether. Please send donations, large or small, to the address given below.

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Friends House, General Secretary
Euston Road, N.W.1.

ART CRITICISM

Sɪʀ,—After reading a few recent notices of exhibitions of paintings, I am moved to make an appeal as briefly as I can for a reform of the conditions under which the unfortunate art-critic works to-day. Perhaps one of your own galaxy of critics could be persuaded to discuss the matter more competently than I can do and on a more appropriate page. My point can be conveniently made by considering Mr. Maurice Collis's recent remarks in the *Observer* on Bonnard and Mr. Burra and your own Mr. Marvell's remarks on the same artists and Mr. Claude Rogers. Mr. Collis finds Bonnard outmoded and, in his later years, a rather pathetic escapist but he attaches very great importance to the work of Mr. Burra. Mr. Marvell approves of Bonnard and Mr. Rogers but is blind to the qualities of Mr. Burra. Confusion! But really it is not surprising since there is no more reason to suppose that a competent critic of Burra will appreciate Bonnard and Rogers (or vice versa) than there is to suppose that a competent dramatic critic will be able to grasp the qualities of an opera. The fact that a Burra can be framed and hung in a gallery alongside a Bonnard or a Rogers no more entitles us to assume it is a manifestation of the same art than the fact of performance on a stage entitles us to lump together Shakespeare with Mozart, or Massine with Chekhov.

Most painters, good, bad or indifferent, have seemed to be primarily concerned with the appearances of the outside world; but a few, of equally varied calibre (Blake, for example, or the later Glyn Philpot) have seemed to be more concerned with happenings inside their own minds. An increasing number of modern painters, including Mr. Burra, belong in the second category. Is it reasonable to take it for granted that the same critic will be able to do justice to both categories? I must leave it at that, and hope that one of your own critics will take the matter further. But to side-track a red herring that is usually employed at this stage I would point out that I do not assert that an outward-looking artist, whether Cézanne or Sargent, is uninfluenced by his own state of mind or that an inward-looking artist, whether Blake or Glyn Philpot, is indifferent to the appearance of objects in the outside world. It is a question of where the emphasis lies. But the distinction between the resulting works is at least as fundamental as that between opera and drama (which does not exclude the possibility of intermediate types) and it is unfair to artists and critics, and confusing to amateurs, when the difference between two different arts is ignored.

Wɪʟʟɪᴀᴍ Pʀɪᴄᴇ

[Mr. Marvell writes: "The situation is far less simple than Mr. Price suggests. A critic should be competent to give an opinion alike on the more objective and the more subjective types of painting. If I differ from Mr. Collis, this is due not to theory or to any exclusive preference for the former type, but to a difference in individual response and sensibility." —Ed. *N. S. & N.*]

MISREPORTED

Sɪʀ,—In your issue of June 14th, your Moscow correspondent writes, in an article entitled "Window to the West," "Michael Karolyi is to-day quoted as saying in almost so many words that America is behind the anti-republican plot in Hungary."

I would like to make it clear that I never said anything of the sort and that my words have been misrepresented.

Mɪᴄʜᴀᴇʟ Kᴀʀᴏʟʏɪ
6 Church Row, N.W. 3.

INFORMATION, PLEASE!

Sɪʀ,—I have perchance only just seen your "Parliament" report of June 23rd.

It accuses me of thinking it "quite in order to disregard international agreements to provide information if the nations to be informed are Britain and the U.S.A."

I am sorry to have to say that in my view no intelligent person could have understood me to be saying anything of the sort. My point was that in the circumstances of the case no international agreement bound the Soviet authorities to give information, and there was no reason why they should give information which they were not bound to give.

D. N. Pʀɪᴛᴛ
House of Commons.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Politicians, philanthropists and leader-writers delight in calling for "crusades," as if these campaigns had not finally proved as disappointing in their results as they were rapacious in their methods. One crusade, however, did achieve or at least prepare a success that was permanent, that declared by Innocent III against the Albigensians.

The character, sources and history of their heresy provide the subject of Mr. Runciman's new book.* He shows that the Albigensians were members of one great confederate Church stretching from the Black Sea to the Bay of Biscay, a Church the origins of which he traces in a multiplicity of sects pullulating through the centuries in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. His erudition is enormous: his sources include works in Byzantine Greek, Russian, Bulgarian, Serbian and Armenian. Even more unusual in a modern historian, his diction and point of view are finely urbane. This work therefore offers a delight to the serious reader as well as a formidable contribution to knowledge.

The existence of evil presents to believers in God a problem that has elicited the most diverse explanations. The Creator of a world replete with suffering may be thought either omnipotent or benevolent: to show how He can be both has for eighteen centuries taxed the ingenuity of the orthodox. Already in the first age of Christianity the Gnostics proposed a solution to the dilemma. They took from God the responsibility for creating the visible world, and gave it to the Demiurge, who was often identified simultaneously with Jehovah and Satan. With equally good reason Satan was thought to be the elder son of God. According to Marcion—the most celebrated of Gnostic missionaries—Christ was sent by God, "the Kind Stranger," to oppose the black teaching of Jehovah with the gospel of Love. In the third century a Mesopotamian named Mani enriched this Gnostic dualism with Zorastrian elements; and within a century his followers has established churches as far apart as Carthage and Turkestan. Manaichaeanism failed, Mr. Runciman explains, because it was too anti-social. (It forbade all killing.) Its chief tenets, however, and the philosophy they expressed, were to continue in a fantastic variety of forms. The numerologist Marcus, Theodore of Mopsuestia, Paul of Samosata (the founder of Adoptionism), and Montanists such as Priscilla agreed in believing themselves to be Christ. The allied sect of Messalians was distinguished by beliefs equally repugnant to orthodoxy and to common sense.

> Every man was bound to this wicked, material world, for in his soul there was a demon. It was in the methods used to eject these demons that the Messalians showed their strange evangelical ardour. If the demon was to be expelled and the Holy Ghost let in, not baptism but prayer was necessary. If one prayed hard enough then the demon emerged down the nose in mucus or out of the mouth in saliva, for prayer clearly involved snivelling and slobbering. But frequent and fervent though prayer had to be, the only prayer that must be said was the Pater Noster. Once the demon was gone it was necessary to cultivate an attitude of impassivity, in the course of which one could enter into union with the Holy Ghost and even behold God. This was only achieved by a three years' novitiate involving the strictest abstinence. But once the union with the Holy Ghost was complete, nothing else mattered; sin was no longer possible. The initiate could return to the world and lead a life of luxury and debauchery without any danger to his salvation, for he was now part of God.

Mr. Runciman's pages coruscate with erudition concerning Chrysocheir, Peter of Capharbarucha, Theophylact the Unbearable, Lazar of Pharb, the pious Crichoraches who triumphed over a heretic at Chortaopeum, the Arevordicq (who called themselves Christians though they worshipped the sun), and the Borborites who were also known as Stratiotics, Zacchaeans, Phibionites, Phemionites, Barbelites and Coddians. At moments the reader feels that he is being submerged in the phantasmagoric world of Flaubert's *Tentation de St-Antoine.*

Streams from these turbid sources coalesced in the Church founded in Tenth Century Bulgaria by Bogomil, "the greatest popular heretic of the Middle Ages." The success of this Church was fed by the sufferings of the Slav peasants and their hatred for their Bulgar landowners. At one period the Bogomils, who like most heretics tended to antinomianism, penetrated to the Holy Mountain of Athos; and here in the citadel of orthodoxy a monk practised nudism and preached castration, while one of his fellows excited the devout to indulge in orgies—so that the grace of repentance might be granted to them. Propagation, however, was frowned upon by these believers in the wickedness of matter; a logical consequence was a deviation into sexual abnormalities, so that the word "Bulgarian," passing into French as "bougre," and thence into English, still bears testimony to the distressing errors of the Bogomil sectaries.

In the 13th century Bogomilism became the state religion of Bosnia, whose rulers wished to avoid submission to the ecclesiastical authority of either Rome or Constantinople. Here, as in Bulgaria, the heresy disappeared after the Turkish conquest in the 14th and 15th centuries. Some of the heretics found in Islam a religion congenial to their puritanism, the others rallied to the Orthodox Church as the Ark of Christian nationalism.

Bogomilism meanwhile had spread through Lombardy west to Provence and Languedoc, north to Germany, to the Low Countries (where the miscreants were known as Piphites) and so to England. The twelfth century is regarded as a supremely glorious epoch in the history of the Catholic Church: Mr. Runciman shows that it was also "a great age of heresy." Toulouse produced a sect called Petrobrusians; though similar outbreaks defiled the neighbourhood of Le Mans, Soissons and St-Malo, it was in South-Western France that this Eastern dualism most firmly established itself. Living by the manufacture or sale of cloth, its missionaries travelled to every town and castle. The following incident seems to cast light upon the common conduct of the orthodox hardly less than upon the spread of heresy:

> In 1157 Archbishop Samson of Rheims complained that Manichaeanism was being disseminated throughout his diocese by itinerant weavers, who condemned marriage and encouraged sexual promiscuity. The presence of these "Poblicani" was discovered by the refusal of a girl to submit to the attentions of a young cleric. Such chastity was considered ominous, and the girl, when questioned, admitted that she believed virginity to be obligatory, and called in her friends to support her, thus revealing a whole nest of heresy.

Two years later a synod of Cathars—such was the name most usually given to the Bogomils of the West—was held openly at St-Félix de Caraman in Languedoc, a country which in its political situation resembled 16th century England. The nobles were covetous of the vast ecclesiastical estates: a timely apostasy would gain the support of the increasingly heretical populace, enabling them to despoil the Church in comfort. Some of these would-be Cecils contented themselves with tolerating heresy, others declared themselves Cathars with varying degrees of sincerity—the ladies, such as Esclarmonde de Foix, being conspicuous for their enthusiasm. For some fifty years the exterior Powers which might have intervened were too busy with their own quarrels and jealousies. Then, in 1208, the Pope, his legate having been murdered by the Cathars, declared a Crusade, offering the same indulgences as those given to warriors against Islam. Attracted by the rich prospects of loot, and accompanied by Cistercians, the Northern nobles descended upon Languedoc. Though they proved more successful in butchery and pillage than in conversion, their pious designs were continued by others; a gratifying number of heretics were committed to the flames, and by 1330 the Cathar Church in France had been effectively crushed. Some of their beliefs cropped up five hundred years later in the writings of William Blake. The only material relic it has left is to be found in watermarks that perpetuate the Gnostic symbols favoured by the papermakers of medieval France.

One may doubt whether the Bogomils and Cathars, sometimes acclaimed as precursors of Protestantism, should be classed as Christians, so signally did their dualism diverge from orthodox teaching. They did not baptise with water or celebrate the Eucharist; they disbelieved in Heaven, Hell and Purgatory; they rejected the Atonement, which is the fundamental doctrine of historic Christianity. In their pantheism, their acceptance of metempsychosis, and their hope that the soul will eventually lose its individuality, they resembled Buddhists. (Their conception of Matter, however, was very different, and Mr. Runciman shows that any influence of Buddhism upon them can have been only indirect.) The division of the Cathars into two classes was capital: those who passed through the "Consolamentum" (which perpetuated ceremonies current in the first age of Christianity) were named "Perfects" and practised an extreme asceticism, sometimes carrying their hatred of Matter so far as to seek death by starvation; the majority, on the other hand, were content with the name "Believers," allowed themselves many forms of indulgence and postponed reception of the Consolamentum until their deathbeds. This double standard of morality was calculated to enlarge the appeal of the heresy and helps to account for its success in the pleasure-loving Courts of Languedoc. The central doctrines, however, were ill adapted to the West. "It was a religion without hope," Mr. Runciman concludes, "and such a religion cannot survive unless it is to be helped artificially. For Hope is a necessary part of religion. Faith and Charity alone are not enough."

A further moral can be drawn from this fascinating book. We have seen that Dualism, springing from a reasonable desire to account for evil, led to beliefs and practices that were superlatively unreasonable. The story may well confirm the pessimism of those who hold man to be an animal congenitally credulous, inconsistent and intolerant. In his *History of Freedom of Thought,* written in 1912 when this freedom was at its apogee, J. B. Bury observes:

> The struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears now to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberty. In the most civilised and progressive countries, freedom of discussion is recognised as a fundamental principle. In fact, we may say it is accepted as a test of enlightenment, and the man in the street is forward in acknowledging that countries like Russia and Spain, where opinion is more or less fettered, must on that account be considered less civilised than their neighbours . . . No man of science has any fear of publishing his researches, whatever consequences they may involve for current beliefs. Criticism of religious doctrines and of political and social institutions is free. Hopeful people may feel confident that the victory is permanent; that intellectual freedom is now assured to mankind as a possession for ever; that the future will see the collapse of those forces which still work against it and its gradual diffusion in the more backward parts of the earth. Yet history may suggest that this prospect is not assured. Can we be certain that there may not come a great setback ?

Bury decided that such a setback, while not impossible, was unlikely. Within two years of this, it had begun. The freedom of criticism that he expected would diffuse itself over the habitable globe is now rare save in a corridor running from the North Cape to Provence, with one bulge eastward as far as Zurich. Elsewhere he would find man reverting to his ancient addictions, and exercising the pristine virtue of Faith with a fervour that recalls Theodore of Mopsuestia, the pious Crichoraches, and Theophylact the Unbearable.

Raymond Mortimer

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* *The Medieval Manichee: A study of the Christian Dualist Heresy.* By Steven Runciman. *Cambridge,* 15s.

THE SPANIARDS AND THEIR AMERICA.

The Rise of the Spanish American Empire. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. *Hollis and Carter.* 21s.

Spanish churches and houses, windows and doorways stud every village of Spanish America—except some of the mud-and-corrugated-iron hamlets of the pampa: though even in these desolate, wind-swept communities it is the Spanish language that echoes metallically beneath the rusty roofs. Spain, too, is in the people, and in all that they have achieved and failed to achieve. Ideas, rhetoric, dreams: the Spanish American lives with his head in Heaven; but his feet are on the earth, and he enjoys the pleasures of food and drink, the family, indolence, in a degree—or with a simplicity—that is unknown among Anglo-Saxons.

The Spaniards who created the Empire were, of course "more Spanish" than the present-day inhabitants of the Spanish American republics. They were recognisably of the same stock as Unamuno and Valle Inclán and that passionate Maeztu who in Madrid in 1932 exclaimed to me: "Until the Government shoot the men who burned the monasteries, I will not shake their hand. Why shouldn't we shoot? Haven't soldiers always shot? What can be more glorious than to be a soldier, a soldier of Christ? When Madariaga talks to me of pacifism I *hit* him."

The most fascinating aspect of Sr. Madariaga's great book is the manner in which he seeks out and stresses the Spanish-ness of the Spanish American Empire. So doing, he brings the Empire into the atmosphere of one of those café *tertulias* of pre-1936 Madrid, where an orator, over a very small cup of chocolate (with *azucarillo*), would sketch the whole course of an historical epoch; the rise and fall of nations; the military campaigns and economic cycles; indicating the influence of the local climate and regional methods of cooking; illustrating the character of peoples by anecdotes snapped up from any era, place or circumstance; and adding to his whole treatise physical form and symmetry by movements of his El Greco hands. *The Rise of the Spanish American Empire* is much more than a café discourse. Its charm, however, is that which those of us who knew Madrid will always associate with the *tertulia*.

A friend in Madrid wrote to me recently: "Everyone behaves deplorably about Spain, including the Spaniards." It is true that when Spaniards refer to their country it is of one another as individuals that they speak, and, as they are individuals before anything else, the impression that they convey is unfair, irrational, anarchic. Sr. Madariaga, long resident in other climes, accomplishes the considerable feat of making a unity of this chaos. I feel that in his interpretation of Spain and Spanish America he is indebted to that unorthodox, intuitive Hispanist, Waldo Frank, whose name, however, he does not mention. Briefly, the argument is that Spain in her heyday was (and ever since has striven consciously or unconsciously again to be) a unity in God, a nation with an organic conception of the State wherein were embraced not only the varied kingdoms of the Peninsula itself, but also the even more diverse kingdoms (*esos reinos*) of America. The political organisation of the Indies was never colonial. The new territories were never "owned" by Spain, but were "populated," and incorporated into the Spanish State. The strength of the whole was spiritual rather than technical, and it was precisely when "the general level of technique and activity required for political and naval power rose above what the Spanish character could at the time supply, (that) Spain dropped out of the list of great powers." Waldo Frank says of Spain at this moment: "(her) pace was different from Europe's," and Madariaga: "she ceased to be abreast with the others in the struggle of man with nature."

Frank emphasises the contrast between the Spanish and Anglo-Saxon methods by describing the work of the Protestant-Capitalist pioneers in North America. Madariaga ably contrasts the English and Spanish Empire-builders:

> It is easy to see what was in its essence the difference between the English and the Spanish way—and why in the long run the English way triumphed though the Spanish way lived on. The Englishmen, though on the surface more self-seeking, were in depth more socially minded; the Spaniards, though in appearance more statesmanlike and creative, more intent on "ennobling" cities and setting up kingdoms, were more self-centred. The Englishman, with his dividends, socialized his adventures, gain, booty; the Spaniard, with his hospitals, foundations, cathedrals, colleges and marquisates, raised a monument to his own self, founded a house. The Spaniard's ambition was that of a prince; the Englishman's that of a capitalist. The Spaniard's urge was upward; the Englishman's forward.

History does not repeat itself, but human nature does, and throughout Sr. Madariaga's book the reader, travelling backwards and forwards between the days of the Empire and the twentieth century, is aware of the permanence of the Spanish character. The following quotation will illustrate this quality of the story, and also give evidence of the author's insight:

> When dealing with Spanish affairs all views which stop at forms and institutions are bound to be shallow. Truth can only be caught by glimpses of the movements of the actual individuals beneath such institutions and forms. This life of the Indies was formless, anarchical, but in point of fact, steeped in freedom. For freedom was the only solvent which could absorb and dissolve so many individual anarchies and hold them together in a community however turbulent. The Spaniard, moreover, whether American or European born, has a way of turning collective forms to his advantage or convenience, and the people as a whole feel more respect for the play of character and destiny throughout individual lives than for the strict working of the law. (pp. 349-330).

There lies the secret not only of the Empire and of modern Spain, but also of the present-day republics of Spanish-speaking America with their flamboyant Constitutions, their spectacular dictators, their corruption, their dreams, and their generosity.

Although Spain was surrounded by powerful enemies, her Empire lived for three hundred years, and for the greater part it was a period of peace and creativeness in the Indies. Spanish treatment of the indigenous populations was relatively tolerant. The laws, though only fitfully observed, were wise. All men were recognised as being equal before God. As a consequence of this state of affairs, a number of diverse American nationalities was fostered. The Spaniards in America, living far from the central authority, were able to develop their easy-going individualistic qualities. They were wealthy. They were little princes. They had plenty of room in which to swing the anarchical cat. Thus "we find the Indies living as they pleased, corroding with their anarchy the institutions which the Crown endeavours to maintain."

In England it has long been customary to despise the Spaniards and all their works. Sr. Madariaga traces this prejudice back to the times when Spain was a deadly enemy, and love of tribe made it necessary to vilify the Spaniards. I wonder whether the truth may not be that, in our heart of hearts, we envy the Spaniards' mastery of the art (as distinct from the technique) of living. We helped to destroy their Empire, and our own Empire was partly built from the spoils. We have watched the Spaniards quarrelling among themselves, wrecking the structure of their own State, and killing one another. Yet, while we are caught in the Machine of our own creation, they, remaining on the margin of Western "Progress," have continued their full human lives, unhampered by the law, always in revolt, always — even when in prison — personally, arrogantly free.

GEORGE PENDLE

WHAT PEOPLE THINK ABOUT PEACE

Peace and the Public. A STUDY BY MASS OBSERVATION. *Longmans.* 2s. 6d.

This is a Report of an investigation undertaken by Mass Observation at the request of the New Commonwealth. The Report consists of a summary of the answers to a series of questions on international government addressed early in 1946, when sessions of the United Nations Assembly were being held at Westminster, to citizens in two contrasting localities, the Borough of Hammersmith and the town of Shrewsbury. The same questions continued to be put until December of the same year. While the Report as a whole is full of interest, the following results struck me as outstanding.

Most people are conscious of the dangers of international anarchy and would *in theory* be willing to surrender some portion of State sovereignty in order to terminate it. Thus, a majority of answerers favoured an international police force and over 80 per cent would welcome the creation of an Equity tribunal under international authority—a distinctive feature, this, of the programme of New Commonwealth—for the settlement of disputes between nations.

But *in practice* the situation is different. Although two people out of every three think that, if it were possible, a supreme international government for the whole world would be "a good thing," only half the people interviewed considered that it might be possible and only one in six thought of it "as possibly practical during the twentieth century." What most people do expect is not world government, but atomic war and that within the next twenty-five years. Hence the expectation of world government is postponed until after the third world war, when, presumably, *international* world government will be precluded either by the supreme domination of a single power or by the complete disruption of our civilisation.

Why this scepticism on the part of most in regard to the realisation of what most desire? The Report provides at least part of the answer.

First, though people desire peace and favour international government to establish peace and an international police force to back the international government, they also desire other things which are incompatible with peace and international government. For example, when asked whether they would put the interests of their own country before those of the rest of the world, at least half opted for their country first. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the implications of this preference are normally incompatible with the implications of the expressed wish for world government.

The answers to this question were interesting for two reasons. First, a far greater proportion of Conservatives than of Labour supporters would put their own country first; for example, "twice as many Socialist as Conservatives expressed unqualified acceptance of a Uno decision." A Conservative answer, typical in everything except its candour, was that of a middle-class airman's wife aged 25: "The sensible part of me says, 'Willing,' but the instinctive part says, 'Good God! How dare they!'" But this majority of nation-preferring Conservatives is itself based upon a majority of nation-preferring women, coupled with the fact that most Conservatives are women; for while the percentage of men putting their own country first was 36, that of women was 58. This majority female opinion is, it is clear, based upon a greater pessimism in regard to human nature and, more particularly, as to the ability of people to get on together without quarrelling. Thus, in answer to the question, is it possible for people of different nations to work together without quarrelling, 31 per cent of women as opposed to 19 per cent of men thought that it was impossible; 51 per cent of men as opposed to 44 per cent of women thought it was possible. I suppose this majority women's view of people's proneness to quarrel is based upon experience, experience of themselves and of other women. As the Report politely puts it, " Housewifery and wider idealisms do not grow from one another."

Now, it is obvious that as long as you hold, with a young waitress of 18, that " England suffered too much in this war, fighting for other countries, and a lot of thanks we get for it. It's about time we started looking after ourselves a bit", the implications of your thought are not such as to be favourable to the establishment of that world government which you may support in theory.

Secondly, though there is a large majority support for world government, it is nerveless, spineless and lifeless. Again and again investigators draw attention to the " lack of interest displayed in the whole business," a lack of interest which is unhappily illustrated by the fact that at the very time when the papers were full of the London meetings of Uno a substantial part of the public, including 12 per cent of all women interviewed, declared " they had never heard of it." As the year proceeded, the boredom of people's acquiescence, the passivity of their acceptance of world government increased. The Report pertinently asks, " Will people keep on 'believing' in ideals, and at the same time 'believing' that the ideals cannot be accomplished ? "

To allow oneself to be depressed by these results would, I think, be a mistake. What people think does, to a certain extent, determine what they do. Thus, the fact that most people apparently want world government is a factor making for and not against its realisation, even if the factor be weak. Nor should the unconscious hypocrisy involved in giving lip service to international ideals while desiring things which are obviously incompatible with their realisation cause either depression or surprise. Hypocrisy, as the Nazis taught us, has its virtues, and it is better that people should profess ideals which they do nothing to further than that they should renounce them. It will be a long time yet before the practice of the world squares with its professions; but the first step is for its professions to condemn its practices. Now, the profession of nationalism is to-day as unfashionable as fifty years ago it was fashionable. Perhaps, if we can avoid atomic war, if the Russians turn reasonable, if the Americans cease to monopolise the secret of atomic power, if Germany is administered as a single whole, if the British do whatever it is that they ought to do . . . perhaps one day world government may come.

C. E. M. JOAD

NEW NOVELS

Passengers of Destiny. By LOUIS ARAGON. *The Pilot Press.* 15s.

An Astrologer's Day. By R. K. NARAYAN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8s. 6d.

A Summer in Buenos Aires. By ISOBEL STRACHEY. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

Escape and Return. By MORAY MCLAREN. *Chapman and Hall.* 8s. 6d.

The Different Drummer. By CLEDWYN HUGHES. *The Pilot Press.* 9s. 6d.

Reviewers, M. Aragon's publishers assure us, constantly compare his novels with those of Balzac, Zola and Proust, not to mention Dickens and Dostoevsky. This reviewer has no intention of mentioning them; and probably the comparisons are made only to imply that M. Aragon's novels are long. On the evidence of *Passengers of Destiny*, M. Aragon, if he were an English writer, would be one of those solid, remorseless, middlebrow novelists who celebrate in saga a century of progress in weaving or sing the ardours and endurances of the soil in darkest Sussex. There are, of course, differences. M. Aragon coldly dislikes his characters, whereas the English middlebrow usually enjoys a cosy emotional relationship with his. M. Aragon, too, is less squeamish: hernias are frankly strangulated, and women are indubitably mammals. And then, M. Aragon has a thesis :

> I thought that this impériale, or rather the omnibus itself, represented a fair metaphor of life. For there are two kinds of people in the world, those who, like the people on the impériale, are carried along without any knowledge of the machine they inhabit, and the others who know what makes the wheels go round, who manipulate the machinery of the monster. . . . For forty years and more my family and I have been travelling a road marked out neither by me nor anyone else, doubtless towards a tragic destiny. . . .

Thus, in old age, M. Aragon's hero, Pierre Mercadier; and his destiny is tragic only in the modern newspaper headline sense. We first meet him at the Paris Exposition of 1889 as a man in his thirties married to a stupid woman, the father of two children who do not interest him, a teacher of history in a provincial *lycée*, the possessor of private means which he is gambling away on the Stock Exchange, fascinated by the career of the eighteenth-century financier John Law, bored with his work, believing in nothing, conscious of failure, disabused even of faith in sexual love. Like Mr. Maugham's breadwinner, he disappears, and as the years pass he becomes something of a legend in literary Paris, a Rimbaud-like figure who has the added distinction of never having published anything. Then he reappears, starving and shabby, to teach at a crammer's and to spy on Sundays on his small grandson, his only confidant a crazy old brothel-keeper who loves him, though he does not know it, and in whose bed he dies paralysed, able to utter the one word " politics," in August, 1914.

Having thus disentangled the course of Mercadier's career, I am conscious of finding it much more interesting than I did when reading the novel. For in the book it trickles thinly through the details of the life-stories of almost everyone with whom he is in contact, all of whom " are carried along without any knowledge of the world they inhabit " to frustration, poverty or madness; for they are the bourgeoisie, and therefore, according to M. Aragon's thesis, which slips out from the pages from time to time like a clipping from Karl Marx's beard, automatically damned. This in itself might not have mattered; what does matter is that the book does not come to life until two-thirds of the way through, until Mercadier returns from abroad. Until then it is little more than an expression of gibing contempt interlarded with résumés of the political scandals of the time and dreary novelettish love scenes. The translation is American: the characters " have fun " on almost every page.

It is a relief to turn from M. Aragon's harsh and sprawling novel, in which a single word is never used if ten can do its work, to the economy of Mr. Narayan's lucid stories. For Mr. Narayan has no thesis to bludgeon us with; he isn't writing a gloss on *The Communist Manifesto;* and, unlike practically all writers on India, whether Indian or English, he has no axe to grind. What distinguishes his work is a seemingly all-embracing, all-compassionate acceptance of the absurdities, pathos, frustrations, humour of everyday life. It has great charm, which the Oxford Dictionary defines as " attractiveness, indefinable power of delighting (esp. as literary critics' word)." Charm is a quality which arouses one's suspicions, and part of Mr. Narayan's charm undoubtedly comes from his idiosyncratic use of the English language, part from the exotic setting of his stories, an India which has romantic place-names like Malgudi and suburbs evoking dusty vistas of nineteenth-century empire-building such as Lawley Extension, an India where people go to the pictures and see films not of gangsters and sinister psychiatrists but . . .

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> He soon lost himself in the politics and struggles of gods and goddesses; he sat rapt in the vision of a heavenly world which some film director had chosen to present. This felicity of forgetfulness lasted but half an hour. Soon the heroine of the story sat on a low branch of a tree in paradise and wouldn't move out of the place. She sat there singing a song for over half an hour.

But more important than the charm is the irresistible impression of truth that these enchantingly vivid stories give. They are all short and, superficially, simple in the extreme; but Mr. Narayan is a master of his form and his material. It is impossible to compare him to any contemporary English writer since he has to the full what has become the rarest quality in our fiction, sympathy towards his characters, an appreciation of the diversity of human life that is neither mawkish nor patronising. So he can be very funny, as in "Fellow-feeling" and "Father's Help," most moving, as in "The Performing Child," and, when he wants to, can tell a tall story with the best. He is an enormously satisfying writer.

Miss Isobel Strachey's *A Summer in Buenos Aires* seems to me a great advance on her earlier novel, which was ruthlessly called *First Impressions*. It is, indeed, a most amusing and sensitive novel. Violet Bell is governess to the small daughters of Colonel Hamilton, a wealthy widower living in Buenos Aires. Properly, since this is fiction, Colonel Hamilton proposes to Violet; and she is duly flattered but all the same runs away with a handsome Argentine playboy. Miss Strachey writes elaborately in an artfully naive style. She is pleasantly malicious, especially where men are concerned:

> Violet had danced almost every dance with a tall partner who had once made a fourth at tennis with Colonel Hamilton, herself and Lydia. He had propelled her round the room with long strides leaning back on his heels and dragging her on to his stomach with his great hands while he followed a straight course round the outside of the room turning at right angles at the corners and staring fixedly over the top of her head while his cool breath fanned her hair . . . .
>
> "As a matter of fact," he had told her complacently, "when I get married I mean to fill the whole house with dogs."

Her Buenos Aires shimmers most attractively in the heat; and her children, Violet's charges, are delightful.

Escape and Return is a highly serious first novel which would have been much more impressive if the author had an adequate grasp of the technique of the novel. It is a study in the breakdown and regeneration of a Roman Catholic intelligence officer in London during the later years of the war. What gives it its especial interest and its power is that the breakdown and regeneration are seen not in psycho-analytical but in religious terms, so that the hero's neurotic dipsomania becomes an instance of demoniac possession from which he is freed by a religious experience. The scenes of seedy evil in wartime London are admirably done, but as a novelist Mr. McLaren lacks any sense of construction; one feels that he has not for a moment considered the problem of how to tell his story. He has a real vision of evil, but it is form alone that can provide the real "turn of the screw," and, lacking form, *Escape and Return* has the interest of the case book rather than of imaginative fiction.

The Different Drummer, also a first book, consists of a short novel and a long short story, "The Inn Closes for Christmas." Of these the novel is much the more important. Mr. Cledwyn Hughes is a young writer of decided talent who is still experimenting with form and style. His scene is the Welsh marches, where men sing "*Cwm Rhondda* in rough baritone" and utter such strange oaths as "Damnio Mr. Rhys." In this story of the young slaughter-house worker who registers as a conscientious objector and is sent to Liverpool to work in civil defence, Mr. Hughes composes a most vivid, racy and amusing picture of a comparatively sequestered community in wartime. Incidentally, the Pilot Press is to be congratulated on the charming jackets designed by Mr. Kenneth Rowntree for *The Different Drummer* and *Passengers of Destiny*.

WALTER ALLEN

A TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE

The Babeuf Plot. By DAVID THOMSON. *Kegan Paul.* 7s. 6d.

On a May morning, one hundred and fifty years ago, the heads of Francois-Noel Babeuf and Augustin Darthé rolled into the basket of a guillotine. The Conspiracy of the Equals, which they had led, was over. So was the French Revolution. Up to Thermidor, the initiative had rested with the Jacobin masses of Paris. Power had then passed to the Directory, propped up by the peasantry, who had seized their land and wished to keep it, and by the speculators, who had used republican liberty to make their personal fortunes. To men such as Babeuf and his associates, the Constitution of 1793 had seemed the dawn of a new world of fraternity and equality. But once the promise of those revolutionary days had been betrayed by the rich, the ambitious and the corrupt, insurrection was the only hope for the poor and the disillusioned. The conspiracy, denounced by a spy on the eve of armed revolt, was scotched by the arrest of its leaders. The reaction was firmly in the saddle. For the next forty years, under the Empire and then the Bourbons, French democracy was driven underground.

The Babouvist conspiracy, however, was much more than an abortive effort to restore a Jacobin republic. Babeuf was the leader of a group openly dedicated to the foundation of an egalitarian communism. If the plot had succeeded, the conspirators proposed to establish a dictatorship which would protect the new regime against counter-revolution, would act as trustee for the popular will throughout the period of transition to real democracy, and would immediately proceed to socialise all property and production as the only means to a full and adequate life for the masses. These, at least, were the basic aims of Babeuf and his associates—though the majority of their supporters were probably more interested in the destruction of the Directory than in this comprehensive theoretical programme. Babeuf himself, at his trial, insisted that these ideas were but the logical conclusions to be drawn from the teachings of the *philosophes* to whom, from Mably and Morelly to Diderot and Rousseau, his intellectual debt is indeed obvious.

Nevertheless, the modern interest in Babeuf depends less upon the fascinating statement of his intentions than upon the remarkable revolutionary technique that he evolved in the early months of 1796. Theoretically, he was rivalled by some of his contemporaries. Linguet, for instance, placed the class war at the centre of his social analysis at a time when Babeuf had not risen beyond the Jacobin distinction between the rich and the poor. But Babeuf is rightly regarded as the founder of the revolutionary tradition which led ultimately to Lenin and the October Revolution. For Babeuf was the first to insist that insurrection was something more than a haphazard riot of desperate men. He saw that armed revolt must be treated as an art requiring careful study and preparation: that a rising could be sure of success only if it was organised and directed by a disciplined élite: and that its every aspect, from the use of prostitutes to spread propaganda among the troops to the supply of arms, must be fitted in to a deliberate plan.

The story of this conspiracy is too little known

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in Britain, and Mr. Thomson has done the memory of Babeuf a service by publishing his short study on this anniversary of his execution. But his book, unfortunately, is a disappointment. Though it is much more satisfactory than the summary and sarcastic treatment Babeuf received in a recent book by Professor Gray, than the short though excellent discussion of the significance of Babeuf in a pamphlet Professor Laski wrote some seventeen years ago, and than the now out-dated monograph by Belfort Bax, it is still inadequate. Though the material now available in French is as comprehensive as it ever will be—and Mr. Thomson seems well acquainted with it—he hurries his reader through the theory and the practice of the conspirators in the first sixty pages. The remainder of the book is devoted to the influence of Babeuf upon the revolutionary movements of the nineteenth century—especially in France—and to what, in a small book, seems a superfluous last chapter on our contemporary ideas of equality. It is surprising to find that nothing is said about the other primitive communists and socialists who were active at the same time as Babeuf. The detailed proposals for the new society which was to succeed the revolt are hastily summarised. The account of the preparations for insurrection leaves out some of the most illuminating material. Perhaps Mr. Thomson could reply that I am asking too much from an outline study. The answer is that I am, deliberately. It is a longer and more elaborate book that is needed in England. But until someone answers that need, we must make do with *The Babeuf Plot* which, after all, is a useful introduction to one of the most intriguing conspiracies in history.

Norman MacKenzie

O’R THE WHITE ALPES ALONE

A Greek Poet in England, Demetrios Capetanakis. *John Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

To review Demetrios Capetanakis is unfortunately to salute a legend, and now that almost everything he wrote has been bound up into one volume (together with obituary articles on him by Edith Sitwell and others), it is disappointing to find that the total consists only of sixteen short poems (though three or four are very good), three translations, and eleven critical essays biased by a curious philosophy which does not seriously detract from their merit as pieces of writing. Capetanakis was, all said and done, a genuine natural artist; it is no slight to his memory to suggest that the work he was able to complete is disturbing in its promise rather than outstanding in its achievement.

It is with a sense of unexpected disturbance that his work most impresses. His poetry is primarily disquieting, and only its sincere force prevents it from becoming brilliantly perverse.

> The ageless ambiguity of things
> Which makes our life mean death, our love be hate.

he writes in "Abel." His angels are always deceptively without pity and the level floor of life is full of deadly falls. The Infinite, the poet's goal, is only to be found when all is lost, but the journey there is strewn with wrecks. It requires great courage and strength and integrity to break through into the fog, but this nothingness, this sense of the unknown, is somehow desirable.

Thus Capetanakis distinguished critically between two kinds of writers:

> those whose world is protected by a hedge, and whose truths are unambiguous, and those whose world is not protected by anything against the powers of nothingness, and whose truths are bound to be ambiguous, since for them there is no line of demarcation between the things which are and the things which are not.

Significantly he chose "The Shores of Darkness" as the title for a projected critical work, for he judged all writers in accordance with their awareness of this illimitable unknown surrounding our lives, without which he considered that normal existence could neither be understood nor valued.

Only in application of his theory does Capetanakis become a little naive. His method would appear to have been to select from the writers who interested him some great emotional disturbance that permanently affected their lives and then show how through this they broke through into "nothingness." (Or at all events whatever they did break through into is termed "nothingness.") Thus Charlotte Brontë found nothingness through the death of her two elder sisters and her inability to be loved, Gray languished for a hopeless love wearing the dress of masquerade, and Dostoevsky was led to question all human values by an unhappy first marriage and by the fake execution ceremony ordered for him by the Emperor. Similarly, Proust after the death of his mother sought to chronicle the darkness of the soul and the night beyond our lives, and the English writers of the Thirties, though their dream of a new humanity failed, triumphed by revealing the terrifying abyss with which man was faced. (In other words, September, 1939, was the physical shattering of their dream but in their knowledge of failure was their spiritual discovery of nothingness.)

"Nothingness might save or destroy those who face it, but those who ignore it are condemned to unreality." This philosophy, which taken to its limits would startlingly suggest that it is better to fail than to succeed, better to be unhappy than happy, better to die than to live, was nevertheless sincerely held by Capetanakis and the more passionately in that he felt himself on the quest to the abyss. Just as Rimbaud's despair had brought him to three alternatives—death, madness, and the vision of the unknown—all three of which meant a leap into nothingness, so Capetanakis, who, according to Panayotis Canellopoulos, decided to live for an extra year only to please his friends, almost certainly regarded death as leading inevitably to his own vision. And to a man like Capetanakis, who knew that the incurable disease from which he suffered must ultimately kill him, such a philosophy of triumphant death would naturally be attractive.

> "Nurse, o my love is slaine, I saw him goe
> O'r the White Alpes alone . . ."

These lines from Donne with which Capetanakis might have been pleased as an epitaph do not—as in the poems of Stefan George, an early hero of his—make the grave invisible under a heap of flowers, but they do indicate something of that mysterious departure which Capetanakis imagined death to be—an escape towards nothingness. For with death so near he realised that he would never have time to secure his vision in writing.

It remains only to add that Capetanakis was a Greek who wrote in English (he came to England in 1939 and died in Westminster Hospital in 1944 at the age of thirty-two) though his command of the language does not require that excuse to be made. Take such a passage as this on Rimbaud's *Illuminations*.

> How they shine, how they sparkle before us, all these diamonds and this foam, these drops of sweat and these eyes, these rays and this floating hair, these flames and this herbage of steel and emerald, these white, burning tears and these ringing, flashing dream flowers, these swarms of gold leaves, these balls of sapphire and these angels . . . Real fireworks to make us happy.

Here is the unaffected sincerity and delight with which Capetanakis came to regard any attempted vision of the unknown.

John Waller

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This book is by a successful honey farmer or bee-keeper and is written for persons who earn or propose to earn a living by bee-keeping. To them it can be unreservedly recommended. It may sober their hopes, but if they are brave enough to pursue their intention of keeping an apiary for commercial purposes, they will start with the advantage of possessing the best expert advice soundly based upon long and often bitter experience. Mr. Manley does not write for the amateur who keeps a hive or two for a hobby and the honey which he may or may not harvest from it—indeed he is very contemptuous of the amateurs and their methods. None the less the intelligent amateur may learn a good deal from the book; if he only learns to leave his bees in peace instead of perpetually messing about with them, he and they will reap a considerable advantage. Mr. Manley has an admirable chapter on hives and equipment and another on breeding bees—he is all in favour of Italians and their crosses—" my counsel," he writes, " is to aim at pure 3-banded leather-coloured Italian bees of a good strain." What he has to say about the season-to-season management, on swarm control, and on harvesting the honey is extremely valuable. Finally there is a chapter for beginners which every beginner should read, though here again, it must be remembered, Mr. Manley is writing primarily for the commercial beginner.

Week-end Competitions

No. 906

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for six entries from a conversational phrase-book for the use of foreigners visiting any one of the following: the English universities, Lords, the Royal Academy, the House of Commons, a holiday camp. Entries by July 15.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 903

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to submit a rhymed apologia for the seven deadly sins. Not more than 14 lines.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

A hundred graceful pens hurried to the defence of Sin: even the Church joined: even one beardless boy. Elegance was more evident than wit, though I particularly liked Pibwob's:

Lust is the jaded Comic's standby: it's
The better half of wit among half-wits.

and Hassal Pitman's:

" Go to the Ant " ! They said when I was fired;
I was no sluggard, Lord, but very tired.

and Horace B. Samuel's:

The lecher makes the sound assertion
That chastity's the worst perversion

A majority produced a variation on the theme which E. S. Goodwill puts at its most plain:

Take WRATH, and call it Virtuous Indignation;
Take ENVY, and rename it Emulation;
Let AVARICE be known henceforth as Thrift,
And PRIDE as Self-esteem. You see the drift?
These sins have kept their old names for so long
That men almost believe in right and wrong.
Let GLUTTONY become appreciation,
And SLOTH sit motionless as Meditation:
And as for poor old LUST, why, heavens above,
Everyone knows his proper name is Love.

Only a few, and they, on the whole, the less successful, attacked quite boldly in the manner of H. A. C. Evans.

I noted fifteen names that I should have liked to mention apart from the ten from whom I make the final difficult selection. I was sad to have to exclude M. Jackson, E. M. Silvavanus, Willie Tadpole, J. P. Marriot, E. W. Fordham, H. B. Samuel, R. J. F. Hewison and Joyce Johnson. The prize is divided equally between the four entries printed below.

Seven deadly sins of old the Good Life tried to fix,
Freud stood surety for *Lust*, then there were six;
Six deadly sins danced a brisk, satanic jive,
Strachey banished *Gluttony*, then there were five;
Five deadly sins pursued their soul-seducing war,
Covetousness ? Good for business. Then there were four;
Four deadly sins bestrode the world with devilish glee,
Envy ?—whom ?—there's no one left. Then there were three;
Three deadly sins planned what evil they could do,
Sloth ? It's lack of vitamins. Then there were two;
Two deadly sins enjoyed a spot of fiendish fun,
The dollar loan abolished *Pride*, then there was one;
One deadly sin—by Beelzebub! the last,
Anger's simply gland secretion. Sinner—danger's passed!

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I
Have very little patience with the Pi,
And am uncomprimisingly rude
To Pig and Prude . . .

It is with rancour—and relief—
That I address my brief
For the Seven Deadly Sins . . . I say (with *Gluttons*):
" To your muttons! "

If you like a thing, or love it,
What more natural than to *Envy, Lust* or *Covet ?*
Those meeklings and weaklings I deride
Who cry out against *Anger* and *Pride*.

As for *Sloth*—that peccadillo
Troubles not *my* peaceful pillow. . . .

I. CECIL SAUL

Heed not that hypocrite the moraliser,
Who poor, condemns for *Avarice* the miser,
But rich, sees only *Envy* in men's glances:
No sins are these, that change with circumstances;
And *Sloth's* but five pained Puritanic letters,
Denying virtue to wise world-forgetters,
Whilst none but those to whom no chance is offered
Him *Lecher* call that takes delights when proffered.
Distinguish self-conceit, the mark of sinners,
From *Pride*, the just-prerogative of winners,
And *Gluttons* praise if they (O happy issue!)
Can turn austerity to fatty tissue:
We need resolve no moralist's enigma
To whitewash *Wrath*, whence Jove removed all stigma

JOHN GRANT

Pride, I would not see thee dead,
Who would stand in Darcy's stead?
Idleness, 'twas thou who gave
Omar to a fettered slave.
Envy, thou the moors didst stride,
Bringing Heathcliff to my side.
Murder, deep am I in debt,
Didst not thou Macbeth beget?
Lust, thy shifts must I adore
When sly Panurge takes the floor.
Gluttony, I owe to thee
Half old Falstaff is to me.
Avarice, thou crawling sin,
Scrooge may save thy dastard skin!

RICHARD POMFRET

Where to Stay and Restaurants

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UNIVERSITY of London King's College will require in October next an Assistant Lecturer in the Department of German. Salary £400. Applicants should possess a good Hons. degree of a British University and have special qualifics. in Mediaeval German Language and Literature. Partics. and applic. forms may be obtained from the Secretary, King's College, Strand, W.C.2, and should reach him by July 16, 1947.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Assistant in Eastern Services, at Aldenham. Duties involve taking charge of the Arabic Features Unit which is responsible for organisation and production of all Arabic dramatic and feature programmes. Candidates should have knowledge of and interest in theatre and must be familiar with cultural tastes of Arabic speaking people. Knowledge of Arabic desirable but not essential. Max. starting salary £690 p.a., rising to £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Eastern," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose stamped add. envelope.

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HAMPSHIRE C.C. invite applics. for undermentioned appointments at Children's Homes:—Compton Infants Home, Nr. Winchester: Foster Mother. Applicants must have experience with children aged 3-5 years. Wages 93*s*. p.w. Alton and Crondall Mixed Homes: Foster Mothers. Wages 93*s*. p.w. Basing Infants Home: Foster Mother, wages 93*s*. p.w.; Assistant Foster Mother, wages 87*s*. p.w. Applicants must have experience with children aged 3-5 years. Boys' Homes: Assistant Foster Mothers, wages 87*s*. p.w. In all cases board, lodging, uniform and laundry will be provided in respect of which there will be a deduction in the wages stated above at the rate of 23*s*. p.w. Applics., on forms obtainable from me, must reach me as soon as possible. O. J. A. Carter, Public Assistance Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

EAST Sussex Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified men and women for post of Youth Leader for work in Lewes and district. Salary will be in accordance with the following scales: For Youth Leaders who have satisfactorily completed a course of training recog. by Ministry of Education, £300×£10 to £350. For Youth Leaders who are not so qualified, £270×£10 to £320. Forms of applic., which may be obtained with further partics. from J. H. Baines, Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Lewes, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, must be returned accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, by July 15, 1947.

Appointments Vacant—continued

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CITY of Leicester Education Cttee. City of Leicester Training College (Principal: Mrs. E. M. Williams, M.A.). Applics. invited for post of Warden of Residence to be responsible for domestic administration of College and for residence wing which provides study bedrooms for 15 students. Salary £300 p.a., plus cost of living bonus of £24 p.a., and emoluments. Applic. forms and partics. from Principal, City of Leicester Training College, Humberstone Drive, Leicester.

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SCOTTISH Savings Cttee. Applics. invited from men and women for five posts of Assistant Area Organiser in Scottish Savings Cttee. Vacancies are in Aberdeen, Ayr and Glasgow. Salary: £300×£20—£625 (men), and £300×£15—£500 (women). There are prospects of promotion. Candidates must be British subjects at least 21 and under 40 years of age on April 1. In general candidates should have had full-time educ. up to age of 17 or have obtained Senior Leaving Cert. or its equivalent. Exp. of organising and of public speaking an advantage. Application forms with further partics. from Secretary, Scottish Savings Cttee., York Buildings, Queen St., Edinburgh, 2. No applic. considered unless submitted on prescribed form by July 31, for candidates in U.K., or August 31 for candidates overseas. Service candidates may apply without regard to date of release.

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BARBADOS. Codrington High School. 3 Resident Mistresses reqd. for Sept.: (a) Arts Grad. to take Latin to School Certificate and possibly Higher School Certificate, with French or Maths. in Middle School, (b) P.T. Mistress, to take also dancing and Guides, and (c) Music Mistress for piano class singing and appreciation. Sal. (a) £200-£225 p.a., for (b) and (c) £180-£200 p.a. Passage paid on 3 years' contract. The school is an independent boarding and day school with about 100 pupils. Healthy climate. Apply: Society for Oversea Settlement of British Women, 3 Sanctuary Buildings, Gt. Smith St., Westminster, S.W.1.

JUNIOR Form Mistress (ages 8-10) wanted Sept. in small reasonably progressive boarding and day school. 1 hour London. Experience essential; training an advantage; initiative and wide interests appreciated. Box 7293.

QUALIFIED Teacher wanted September, 10-12 age group, maths. essential, science or netball an advantage. Day P.N.E.U. School, Essex. Could be residential. Burnham scale. Box 7435.

HORSLEY Hall, Eccleshall, Staffs. Reqd., Sept. (1) Young mistress for Maths. and General Science to S.C. (2) Master for Modern Languages (French and Spanish). Both posts resident. Burnham Sal. School is co-ed, progressive school of about 50 boarders.

REQUIRED in Sept. for Recognised Girls Prep. School—happy, progressive atmosphere—South coast easy reach London, two resident Froebel mistresses for children aged 7½ to 10½, usual subjects, special interest in Nature Study or Art and Handwork. Revised Burnham scale. Apply: Principal, Portsdown Lodge School, Cooden Beach, Sussex.

KENT, Broadstairs Resid. Open-Air School for Jewish Children. Qualified Head Teacher (non-resident) required, pref. of the Jewish faith, for Primary School for delicate children Grade II. Sal. in accordance with revised Burnham Scale for Special Schools. Applics., stating age and full partics., should be sent with copies of testimonials (if any in possession) to Secy., Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St. E.1.

ARTIST Designer (Free Lance) reqd. by large manufacturing firm for Greeting Card designs. Box 7216.

FAMILY Case Worker, expd. (lady) reqd. Ability to train students essential. Age 30 or over. Salary according to qualifications. Apply Sheffield Council of Social Service, 155 Norfolk St. Sheffield, 1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

CLUB Leaders and Assistants reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training nec. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-res. for local admin. posts. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £100 res. for assistants up to £220 res. for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, wants staff—matron, teacher, crafts, music. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

ENGLISH Specialist for recognised progressive international school, pref. man interested sports. Burnham Scale. Box 7807.

EXPERIENCED Secretary Assistant required for approx. 18 months from July, 1947. Competent shorthand and typewriting essential. Sal. £300 p.a. Apply F.A.U. Post-War Service, 4 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

WANTED in publicity office, young person of exceptional intelligence, politically conscious, widely read; primarily for shorthand-typing (accuracy essential). Opportunity to progress to writing later. Box 7298.

SPANISH/English lady stenographer able take dictation both languages, or pleasant West End offices. State age, experience, salary required. Box 7338.

COOK-housekeeper, Gardener Handyman reqd. Modern country house, Tonbridge, Kent; family 4; excellent s.-c. quarters; no objection to child. Good salary, every consideration. Box 8224.

WANTED in Jersey for cooking and house parlour work, ex-Serviceman and wife or two friends, sorry no children. Elderly lady with modern house by sea nr. town on bus route offers comf. home, no fuel cuts, good food, liberal pay. Interview London. Box 7257.

RESIDENT post for lady of good educ. willing help in domestic life of family. Happy home offering amenities of town and country. Suit ex-Land Girl. Knowledge Vegetarian cookery an asset. Mrs. Annand, Galleycroft, Hatfield, Herts.

COMPASS Players (non-profit-making travelling theatre) require Stage-Manager-Technician early August. Drabble, 5 Villas-on-the-Heath, Vale of Health, N.W.3.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 13 Princes St. Cavendish Sq. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

Appointments Wanted

EFFICIENT expd. secretary, knowledge of accounts, seeks post as private secretary and personal assistant, London. Box 7436.

SECRETARY, fully familiar with workings of scientific libraries, partic. medical, shorthand-typing, English, French, German, sks. suitable work. Box 7409.

TEACHER of French in Grammar School, B.A. Hons. Classics, long residence in Germany and France, desires more interesting post, teaching or other. Box 7404.

PIANO Teacher, L.R.A.M., expd., sks. part-time post, pref. in London, intd. schools or post-school and adult educ. Box 7388.

UNIVERSITY graduate, Left Wing sympathies, knowledge French and Spanish, dissatisfied commercial life, desires work of interest or social value. Box 7386.

CULTURED and multi-lingual woman, University Degree, experienced journalism, broadcasting and secretarial work, requires post, preferably to help in building up Book Shop. Box 7372.

TEACHING independent school accessible N. London. Art School Diploma, some general teaching exp. 6-8 group. Box 7348.

INTELLIGENT girl (21), columnist on provincial paper, sks. cultural post, Manchester dist., intd. polit./lit. work. Box 7339.

YOUNG lady (25), M.A. (Hons. Eng. Oxon), some exp. office work, teaching (foreign students), fair cook, good knitter, able care house/children, sks. resid. post any capacity where 2 boys, 3½ yrs., 14 mths., welcomed. Box 7302.

YOUNG man, with generous share of the business virtues, integrity, initiative, drive, tact, and the ability to gain confidence and co-operation of others, wants a progressive job. Has a varied commercial exp., especially of printing. Box 7334.

BARRISTER, 6 years' practice, French, German and Italian, sks. part-time wk. Evgs. or week-ends. Box 7335.

YOUNG man (21), University education, clerical and teaching exp., desires evening and week-end work. Box 7301.

LINGUIST-lady (Russian, Italian, German and fluent English) seeks part-time employment in office or reception. Box 7296.

B.A. Oxon (Hons. History), librarianship diploma, Fellow of Library Assocn. (woman) reqs. post as Librarian with research institute or commercial firm in London area. Wide interests in Sociology, polit. and current affairs. 12 yrs.' experience in scientific libraries. Box 7253.

ZOOLOGIST (1st. Cl. Oxford), married, sick of teaching Gen. Sci. to dull middle forms, seeks alternative job/post. Box 7025.

HIGHLY qualified prof. Secretary, wife of B.B.C. official, wants London post (5-day wk.). Wide exp. European business corresp. for well-known firm, ex-Naval Intelligence at home and U.S.A. Must be cultural/academic organisation, pref. International. Box 7071.

ADVERTISER, experienced and successful Organiser, Public Speaker, P.R.O., wide contacts, travelled, offers services to Public Organisations, Business and Professional men. Box 7202.

Appointments Wanted—continued

ARMY Officer, single, 31, about to be demobilised is desirous of acquiring remunerative situation. 2 years' teaching exp. in Maths. and quald. Radio Engineer. Physically fit and willing to go anywhere. Box 7261.

PHYSICS Undergrad. (male) reqs. job in London during August and Sept. Box 7083.

LADY Teacher needing change, sks. interesting post Lond. area. Intd. in Educ., Soc. Welfare, Religion, Politics. Box 7248.

LADY (Secretary) sks. part-time post with author—Elizabeth Bowen recommends. Box 7020.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

TO Let, furn. four-rmd. flat close Notting Hill Gate Station, Aug. 15 to Sept. 14 only. 7*gns*. per week. Box 7053.

FLAT to let, unf., S.E. London. 2 rms., kit., bath, use gdn. £156 p.a. incl., c.h.w. and light. Box 7079.

FNSHD. room London, W.4. Suit two gentlemen, meals served. Mod. conv. Central. Tel. CHI. 3316, 12-1 any day.

"IVORY Towers." Few v. well furn. bed-sit.-study rooms to let only to educated men out all day seeking enjoy quiet evngs., week-ends. No mus. instruments, visitors, 'phone. Central. Box 7379.

WELL-furn. bed-sitting room in modern block of flats to let; tel., 15 mins. West End; suit professional man; pref. Mon. to Fri. Box 7058.

CAMPING. Furn. hut, £2 p.w. Pleasant country, on bus route. Nr. river in Beds. Fishing. Partics.: Haynes, Bromham, Bedford.

LADY offers accommodation in her country cottage 12 miles Oxford, suitable artist or writer. Box 7266.

TUDOR Cott., Aug. 2-23, beaut. sit. N. Downs, 600ft., sit., din., bath, 3 bedrooms, water, lge. garden, tennis, piano, gar., tel. 5½*gns* p.w. Box 7299.

BUNGALOW for sale in perfect position on Cornish Riviera—possession on completion 56 years' lease, £2,750. Box 7313.

ESPECIALLY for Business Gentleman. Comfortable private hotel, lounge and dining room nr. golf course 1 hr. London. Breakfast and dinner, full board week-ends. 5*gns*. p.w. Wheelside, Hindhead, Surrey.

SALE-Exchange, small attractive house, Hampstead Garden suburb, 2 beds., 1 rec., kit.-bath, c.h.w. Delightful mature garden—for something equivalent in country area, with lge. garden or paddock within approx. 1 hrs. travelling to Ealing Common. Box 7297.

CAN anyone assist bachelor and piano? Wanted unfurnished studio flat or other accommodation in London. Box 7030.

FLAT/Rooms wtd. unfur., mod. rent, London area; yng. prof. couple. Box 7517.

B.B.C. Talks Official and wife want unfurnished flat, Bloomsbury preferred of course. Poor, 2 to 3*gns*. if possible. Box 7072.

WANTED, September, pleasant accommodation with or without partial board, Victoria or W.C. district, by young schoolmistress travelling Kent daily. Box 7391.

BACHELOR, professional man, searching for unfurn. flat or rooms, Central London. Who can help? Box 7303.

UNIV. Student Ex-R.A.F. and wife seek furn./unfurn. room(s), modest rent, Lond. area pref. Cent. or N.W. Box 7265.

FURNISHED room with use of bathroom and some attendance urgently reqd. by elderly gentleman. Please state terms. Box 7086.

READER University College, London, reqs. 4-5 bedroom house to rent in/nr. London on or about October 1, offering in exch. lease comfortable 7-room house Leeds. Box 7410.

SCIENTIST reqs. rent by Oct., unf. flat/house St. Albans dist., not more than £150 p.a. Brian, The Frythe, Welwyn, Herts.

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